ANNUAL HOLIDAY

THE NEW CANADIAN

EDITION 1952

Letter
From the Editor

Another year. Another Christmas edition. And writing this final column on a Sunday morning just before the deadline and looking out into the refreshing sight of a snow-covered street, one can almost feel some semblance of sense and sensibility come seeping back into the mind and body which had been sorely tried by several weeks of preoccupation with the holiday effort.

The Christmas edition which has become a hoary tradition with The New Canadian since 1939, is what one might call the annual bane of its editors. But here it is, cover girl and all, and we hope you like it.

An interesting feature of this 1952 version is the return of some of the "veteran" writers whose disappearance from the NC pages has been sadly felt during the recent years.

Frank Moritsugu, a former staff member and erstwhile editor of The Varisity, the U. of Toronto undergraduate daily, who is presently working at C.B.C., has favored us with "Christmas Needs A Child's Eyes", a look at the commercialism of Christmas today and his answer to it.

Sue Sada, long a familiar name with NC readers, and one of the most outright of the Nisei writers, also looks at Christmas in her long story-article, "Saturnalia and Christmas". It would be interesting to note the reader reaction between Moritsugu's and Sue Sada's respective efforts.

Another veteran to return is R. I., who now makes his home in Hamilton as a school-teacher, who wonders what happened to the Nisei spirit of yore in "The Changing Times".

And there is W. K. who tells us that he would rather not have an autobiographical sketch, preferring instead to slip into the anonymity of the older type Niseis, "retiring into the comforting world of slippers, books, and fireplace".

And of course, we have regular columnist Cinderella, and we are truly fortunate in having a writer of her calibre gracing our pages with her weekly Femme Fare.

Then there is Ottawa's Jack Nakamoto who in between hobnobbing with the elite of the Japan Embassy and writing his "Across My Mind" column, has contributed a story and a cartoon.

We admit to placing a lot of emphasis on Christmas articles and stories this year, perhaps more so than formerly, but we hope the other articles will balance them out. There is an article on Kaz Suga, perhaps the "dean" of Nisei baseball players, who is reported to be still lustily clouting the ball in the same mann[illegible] that we, as a mere fledgling used to admire back in the Powell Street and ghost-town days. Y[illegible] E. T. of Montreal and Ray Stev[illegible] ens of Ottawa are newcomers as is Masashi Kawasaki of London. Then there is the amusing bit of dialogue by Richard Arima on Nisei girls—always a meaty topic for provocative discussion when males get together and forever, it seems, a perennial topic on these pages.

"M. Sitarr" who certainly stirred up a lot of controversy over his comments on Buddhism in last year's issue, has come up with a relatively new topic in "Let's Talk About Mom", a subject made popular by author Phillip Wylie. M. Sitarr is a graduate in psychology and is presently working at the U. of Toronto's psychiatric clinic.

In closing, this [illegible] you with the best wishes [illegible] Merry Xmas and a Happy N[illegible] Year from T. U. and Ka[illegible] those stalwarts of the J[illegible] section: Ha[illegible] and [illegible] Ozaki [illegible] [illegible] breathing a deep [illegible] this issue is finally [illegible] "bed".



IT HAPPENS EVERY CHRISTMAS and Jane Watanabe of Toronto demonstrates here what kids from six to sixty always find delight in doing — decorating the Christmas tree.

— photo by Jack Hemmy

JC Population Sees Decrease Over Ten Years

During the ten-year period, 1941-1951, a decade which will be recorded by the historians as the most momentous in the lives of the Japanese Canadians, and which saw a wholesale change in their economic and social status, the JC population has decreased by 1,486. The population now is 21,663, as compared to 23,149 in 1941. These are figures gleaned from a special press-time release to The New Canadian of the JC population figures of the 1951 census.

The ten-year period has seen an actual decline in the Japanese population, the natural increase over the period offset by the return flow to Japan. Another noteworthy point is the effects of the evacuation and relocation on provincial distribution.

Ontario, for example, where there is the largest concentration of Japanese Canadians, had only 234 persons of Japanese origin in 1941. Today, there is 8,581, representing 39.6% of the total JC population. A startling contrast is British Columbia which had 95.3% of the JC population in 1941 and although still containing the second-largest group, 7,169, now only represents 33.1% of the total population. Third in rank is Alberta, booming from 234 in 1941 to 3,336 by 1951, a rise from 2.5% to 15.4% of the total population.

By contrast to these figures, JC is noted that Newfoundland has the smallest JC population, a total of two residing in Canada's easternmost and newest province.

An interesting point is the breakdown by males and females. There has been no appreciable difference in the female column, a mere total of three persons being added to the 1941 figure. But with the male population, there has been a decrease of 1,489, representing practically all of the ten-year decrease of the total JC population. Today there are 11,597 males to 10,066 females whereas in 1941, there were 13,086 males to 10,063 females.

(Shortage of space curtails the printing of other provincial figures, distribution by cities, ratio of Issei to Nisei, and by occupations, but they will be forthcoming in further issues).

EXTRA COPIES XMAS EDITION AVAILABLE

[illegible] of the Christmas edition can be [illegible] and [illegible] 25 cents per copy.

New [illegible] of the editor [illegible] request.

nc's annual baby contest

First introduced to the world at 1:05 a.m. on Jan. 1, 1952, Brenda Joyce Matsue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sakata of Swift Current, Sask., became The New Canadian's "First Baby of 1952". Now who will be her successor, the NC's first baby of 1953?

Parents of babies born early in 1953 or friends knowing of such blessed events are asked to submit "entries" to the NC's third such derby. They should send [illegible] of the parents, ad[illegible] [illegible] of the baby and [illegible] [illegible] Eligibility is based on [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] bridge being the winner of the first "contest" in 1951. But babies born a week or more after Jan. 1 can easily win the honor since a glance at the personal files show that only three babies were born on New Year's Day during the past seven years.



BRENDA JOYCE SAKATA

best wishes for xmas and the coming year

レ市佛教會堂建築 資金援助方趣意書

【レスブリッヂ發】レスブリッヂ佛教會では懸案であつた會堂建築について去る九月の信徒總會で協議の結果、市内北第十三街と第十一アベニュー角を敷地として購入に決定、十月以來建築工事に着手中であつたが、今回大谷門主の巡教を好機に鍬入れ式を擧行した。佛教會としては廣くカナダ全土の佛信徒の援助を希望すると共に各種團体へも呼びかけて新堂建築への協力を願う旨の趣意書を送附した

御禮

トロント 清水淺人

私事病氣療養中でありましたがこのほど退院、目下自宅で保養中であります。一々參上御見舞を頂いた方々に御禮挨拶を申上るべきですがその意を得ず紙上を以て御厚禮申上ます。

故 嵐田らく（八二）

母 多年病氣中の處去る十一月三十日病急に更り爾來スローカン病院で加療中の處藥石効なく十二月五日午前零時永眠致しました茲を辱知の皆樣に謹告致します十日午後七時ニューデンバー佛教會に於て田原導士司式により葬儀を營みました。其の節は不拘夜中御會葬被下加之種々御供物香奠吊辭弔電等を忝ふし御高配の段誠に有りがたく乍略儀以紙上厚く御禮申上ます。又存命中皆樣の御厚情を改めて御禮申し上げます

喪主 池田 初枝
嵐田 孟
同 千鶴子
在日本 池田金太郎
孫一同
親族一同
協和會並婦人會
佛教會並婦人會
神奈川縣有志一同
熊本縣有志一同
世話人一同

●トロント佛教會寄附感謝
△二十五弗岸本勇一氏△二十弗窪田ローイ氏△十五弗宛大西乙吉、川崎茂八兩氏（息女結婚記念）熊本久野氏（長男孝の結婚記念）△十弗宛熊本久野氏（次男孝治の結婚記念）河合桑原兩氏（結婚記念）東氏、△五弗宛杉万岩藏氏（息結婚記念）小林一朗氏ポートドオバー（亡妻ちよし周忌）熊本久野氏（亡夫　同忌）近藤正治氏（亡夫三回忌）谷野ケン氏（結婚記念）近藤ヨシ子氏（全快祝）

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ゼンソク 迅速快癒

ゼイ〳〵したり、ゴホン〳〵とセキ込んだり、呼吸しようと努力しないでもよろしい。テンフルトンのラズ・マー丸藥を服用なさい。この藥は特にゼンソクでお困りの方に容易に呼吸できるよう調合したもので、夜も安眠できます。六五仙と一弗三五仙の何れでもお求め下さい。

ひどい腰痛

破れたガラスで突きさされたような腰痛を感じますか、それとも鋭利なナイフをさされたような痛みがありますか、それでしたらチー・アール・シーの藥を服用することです。リユマチス・神經痛にもよく効きます。藥店で六五仙と一弗卅五仙

■移轉

▲トロントの塚田鍛氏夫妻は今回ダウンスビュー、ナッシドライヴ七二に移轉した

故義勇兵 高島保雄氏 通夜並に葬送の際は御多忙中にも拘ず御會葬下され且又供花弔電等を賜り御芳志奉深謝候。實は一々拜趨御挨拶可申の處乍略儀紙上を以て厚く御禮申上候

友人 中津 輝男
松本 金吾
磯村 廣吉

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●寄附感謝 舊ハモンド日本語學校維持會より責任者高橋テト氏署名の百五十弗のチェッキの寄附をうけましたことを深謝致します
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馬喰一代（五十二）

中山正男

六太郎はその時女房に死なれていた。彼が二度目の女房とする縁をつくったのは、この時の上京中だった。四谷のインチキ結婚社の二階に間借りして[illegible]社より作戦中、一人の女が結婚を申込んできた。結婚社のお客に條件を聞いてみるとなかなかよい。第[illegible]彼のたつていい財産[illegible]いうのと、女子大學を卒業[illegible]でいることという[illegible]が気に入った。もちろん再婚[illegible]だが、そんなことはどうでもよい。彼はまたそこで一流の作戦をたてた。ハッパ馬喰の頃からそうした智恵にかけては天才といってよかった。髮は七三からオールバックに變っていた。七三では大きな文字のハゲが包めないからである。金縁眼鏡や洋服はうまく[illegible]ていたから心配がなかった。その見合で、彼は[illegible]さわやかに自己紹介をやった。

「わたくしは北見で一番の大地主で、ありあまる時間と金を文化事業に費しています」

というきりだしで話し出したのだが、彼の生國が青森だつたから、そのナマリが殘つていて、それがまた如何にも誠實味を與えた。

さてその農場を視察することになつたが、彼のインチキスケジュールは、いささかの誤差もなく、ルベの白木農場へつれ込むことができた。そこで廣漠たる原野を指しながら、わがもの顔に農場開發の五ケ年計畫を述べたという。

その頃になつて、すつかり信用してしまった彼女は、その後す[illegible]温泉で彼に一切をあたえてしまった。

彼女のもつていた財産は、[illegible]十萬と言い、また五十万は間違いなかろうと噂された。

その金がつかえるようになった小坂龍常は、はじめに株に手を出した。これがまた當ったというから、心臓ばかりでなく運もよかったのだ。そうなると彼の年來の夢であった石の門のある家に住って、安樂イスのある應接間で、葉巻をくゆらせながら、キタミの百姓どもを引見する代議士様を實現せずにはおられなくなった。

第一回の選擧のときなど、彼自身で金をわしづかみにまいて、買收したという程の豪勢なものであった。

新年親睦會

來る一月四日（日）午後二時から市内バーサスト街三〇〇ユクレニアンホールに於て總會を兼ね新年親睦會を催します。どうぞ御夫婦お揃いで、お友達も誘い合せて御來會下さい。夕食の用意があります。通知もれの方も進んで御出席下さい。（會費夫婦共三弗、一人は一弗二十五仙）

トロント[illegible]會

新年ダンス會

○來る一月二日（金）午後八時からトロント市内ホーリシ・ホール（クレアモント街六二）で新年ダンス會を催す。入場料一弗。オーケストラ付

きさらぎ倶樂部

結婚御挨拶

長男 菊地 壽雄
三女 富江 節子

右兩名儀豫て小田村孫一氏御夫妻の世話で婚約中の處、十一月二十七日ケローナ佛教會堂に於て生田開教使司式の下に結婚式を擧げ引續き同會堂に於て些か披露の粗宴を催しました節は御多忙中御臨席の榮を賜わり且つ過分の御配慮と祝辭祝電を賜わり御芳情感謝に堪えず略儀ながら以紙上厚く御禮申上ます。尚今後とも兩人に對して一層の御指導と御交誼の程御願致します。

エドモントン市 父 菊地又雄 母 キシエ
ケローナ市 父 富江捨次郎

結婚御挨拶

次男 桑原 茂
長女 上野 玲

右兩名儀去る十二月六日晩市第一合同教會にてマクウイリアムス牧師司式の下に結婚式を擧げ引續き新北京樓で披露宴を催しました際は御多忙中にも拘らず御出席下され且又數々の御祝品等を賜り誠に有難う御座いました。尚今後共彼二人に對し幾久しく御引立と御交誼を賜り度く御願致します。略儀乍ら紙上を以て厚く御禮を申上げます。

グリンウッド 桑原辰三郎 キヨ
在日本 上野 豊吉 ヨシ

結婚御挨拶

狩集達郎（チャスター）
田端圭子（アリス）

右兩名儀豫て婚約中の處十一月廿二日ハミルトン市第一合同教會に於てメルビル・エイトキン牧師司式の下に結婚式を擧げ引續きクラブ二三二にて些か披露の宴を催しました節は御多忙中にも拘らず御臨席の榮を賜り且つ過分の御祝儀及びお祝品並に御丁重なる祝辭祝電を頂き御厚志の程厚くお禮申上げます尚今後とも彼等兩人に對し御指導と御交誼の程お願い致します 先は失禮乍ら紙上を借り厚くお禮申上ます

ビーシー州ホープ 父 狩集市助 母 テル
オンタリオ州ブランテ 父 田端賀一 母 のぶ

結婚御挨拶

次男 桑原 茂
長女 上野 玲

右兩名儀十二月六日晩市第一合同教會に於てマクウイリアムス牧師司式の下に結婚式を擧げ新北京樓で披露しました節は御多忙中にも拘らず御出席下され且又數々の御祝品等を賜り誠に有難う御座いました。尚今後とも兩名に對し幾久しく御引立てと御交誼を賜りたく御願致します。略儀乍ら紙上を以て厚く御禮申上げます。

グリンウッド 桑原辰三郎 キヨ
在日本 上野 豊吉 ヨシ

結婚御挨拶

三男 金城説（ジミー）
長女 弘律 美奈子

右兩名儀豫て婚約中の處去る十一月十日モンタナ州ダレート・フォールスに於て結婚式を擧げ十二月六日コールデール佛教同志會々堂にて些か披露の小宴を催しました其の節は御多忙中にも拘らず御來臨の榮を賜り且つ過分の御祝儀及び御祝品並に御丁重なる祝辭を頂き御厚志の程厚く御禮申上ます。尚今後共兩名に對し御指導と御交誼の程を御願い申上げます。先ずは失禮ながら紙上を借りて厚く御禮申上げます。

コールデール 父 金城保太郎 母 同 カミ
コールデール 父 弘律一義 母 同 菊江

人事消息

■婚約

▲ハミルトンの矢口仲一氏夫妻息女ユキコ・ジーンさんと本田源一氏夫妻息マイク・正行氏は十二月十二日矢口氏宅に於て婚約した

■結婚

▲ホープの狩集市助氏夫妻息達朗君とブランテフォードの田端賀一氏息女圭子さんは十一月廿二日ハミルトン市第一合同教會でエイトキン牧師司式結婚、クラブ二三二で披露した

▲エドモントンの菊地又雄氏夫妻長男壽雄氏とケローナの富江捨次郎氏三女節子さんは、小田村孫一氏夫妻の世話で十一月二十七日ケローナ佛教會で生田開教使司式にて結婚式を擧げ同所で披露した

■死亡

▲チャタムの逢坂勇馬氏夫人富枝氏は十二月十一日自宅に於て死去、十三日[illegible]葬儀社に於て告別式を執行した

結婚生活五十年

金婚式を祝う金川夫妻



アルバタ州バクスホールの金川作次さん(六七)は妻スミさん(六五)と結婚して五十年、二人とも寫眞の通り若々しい元氣。子供七人の親であり、孫さん十六人。金川氏夫妻が廣島から渡航してきたのが四十數年前いち早く歸化、戰前まではル島で造船業及び漁業に從事、目下お百姓さん。年明けて一月七日、金婚式をあげる考えだと金川氏は言う

早生れコンテスト

本社主催の新年ベビーは誰に?

日系人間に大きな興味を年々加えている本社の「ニュー・イヤ・ベビー」は今年も例年通り一般からつのるが、誰が一九五三年度の「ニューカナデアン・ベビー」となるか。この幸運兒には本社から記念品を贈ることになつており、毎年、受賞されたベビーの親達から感謝されている。

十二時がボンと打つと同時にこの・ベビーコンテストがはじまるわけで、年明けて一分でも早く生れたベビーが「ニューカナデアン・ベビー」の榮譽をうける。このコンテストには△ベビーの生れた月日とタイム(看護婦又は醫師の證明があれば之に越したことはない)△場所とベビーの名前、体重と身長、兩親の名前と現住所を書き列べて本社へ一月十七日までに通知することだけが必要條件である。

△一九五二年のフォースト・ベビーは一月一日午前一時五分生の坂田マツエさん、父親は日系でお母さんはオランダ系人でかわいい混血兒であつた。

正月の催し

トロントの如月クラブでは一月二日(金)夜八時からポーリツシ・ホール(クレアモント街六二二)で新年ダンス會を催すがオーケストラつきで入場料一弗。

◇

トロント壽會では一月四日午後二時からユクレニアン・ホールで總會と親睦會を開催する。會員はもとより有志の出席を希望しているが、當日は壽會の野遊會をうつしたカラー・フイルムの封切、會員同志の餘興などあり夕食の用意もある。

紫煙

ケンゾー

地上に平和を

▲火曜日の夜半近くである。もうすぐ、世間さまを騷がし警官を撃ち殺した兇惡なホールドアップ常習犯のスーチャンとヂャクソンが絞首台の露と消えるはずだ。新聞は二人の寫眞入りで大きく報じニュース・ボーイもこれを高聲にどなつて新聞を賣つている。商店の飾窓はクリスマス一色。擴聲器からは景氣のよい音樂が流れて師走の街は明るい・

▲「地上に平和、人々に愛を」と希うクリスマス近いこの街空に、惡事の酬とはいえ死刑のニュースはあまりにむごたらしいと知名な文筆家グレゴリー・クラークが述べているが、全く同感である。

▲朝鮮では今までに彼我の間の人命損害は二百万に達するとのことだ。たつた二人の惡黨がハングされるだけでも、冬空にいやな臭を殘すという非難があるのに、極東の一角では激しい戰いが續けられて指揮に加わるばかり「ヂンゴル・ベル、ジンゴル・ベル」のさわぎではない。

▲われわれは一人々々が「平和をあくまで守り通そう」というかたい氣持をあらたにしてクリスマスを祝い、お正月を迎えたいものである。

モ市で柔道

大會を三月舉行

オ州柔道有段者會々長神野專氏はカナダ柔道連盟組織の下準備のためオタワ、モントリオールを訪問した。オタワでは十二日夜柔道進級昇段式を行い六名(うち一名初段に)進級モントリオールでは十三日マギル大學內各運動競技大會で柔道を紹介、沖村初段の六人掛け、神野師範と東海林二段の亂取りなどを見せて好評をうけた。なおモ市で道場を設けるため明春から資金募集にとりかかる相談もまとまり、その一つとして明春三月頃、東部カナダ柔道大會をモ市で開催豫定となつており、東部各地方の柔道猛者が參集、大掛りな催しとなるものと見られている

神野氏は今回の旅行で多くの人々から受けた厚意に深く感謝している

●金婚祝賀 モントリオルの演藝協會では同會創立以來顧問として盡力している堀壽次郎氏夫妻が來春結婚五十周年を迎えるので之を祝賀し感謝の意を表するために三月七日記念の大歌舞伎を上演することに決定している

トロント市協一世部總會

トロント市協一世部では十二月二十日本年度最終の委員會を開いて來るべき定期總會の準備を次の如く整えた

▲期日 一月二十四日(土)午後七時半

▲委員候補者 十百餘名を選定、近く幹事より候補受諾方を通知する

▲總會への提出議案—カナダ三尾村連絡協會オンタリオ支部に感謝の件やラジオによる「市協ナイト」プログラム編成の件をチャプターに進言することなど決定

▲トロントの福本國市氏は日本の母堂死去の報に接したので「喪中につき…」とする

●特別賛廣告訂正

印刷後に住所を變更された方などの分を記しておきます。

▲第二部五ページ第三段の本池見氏のアドレスを C/o C.N.R. Three Valley, B.C.

▲第三部五ページ五段目の早川政德氏の次の 堀川長太郎 入澤佐和市 兩氏の名前が印刷中活字が抜けて脫字しましたので大に再録致します。

雑録

民衆に常識を

梅月生

いまでもニューカナデアンのことを「民衆」と言つてくれる人がある。一九一四年から戦争がはじまるまで私が關係していた労働組合の機關紙「日刊民衆」へのつながりを、「民衆の梅月」ということになつていた私を通してニューカナデアンに見出だしてくれるのであろう。私自身としては切目のないことなのであるけれど、實際はそうではない。懐しくて愉しい間違いではある。だから、これらの衆知の中には、労働組合の新聞だつた「民衆」の昔と比べて考えて「ニューカナデアンは物足らない、彼も焼きが廻つてきた」などというものがないとも限らない。後先きの考えもなくて無暗に元氣よく直進するのが子供で、多少は寄り道もするのが大人なら、その意味では私も大人の組に入つたのかも知れない。

この間も、ずけずけとものを言う一知人から「總移動當時のニューカナデアンと今日のそれとは、時代の變化というか、大分いろいろの方面で變つてきたように見える。移動當時は社會情勢が現在と異つていた故でもあろう、新聞が我々の先きを歩いていた。ところがトロントへ移つてきてからは、どうやら人の後を追つているように僕には思える。——」と言つてきた。これは一面の事實ではある。

戦争勃發、西部沿岸よりの總移動——未知の世界への大衆的な再定住という、在加の日系人にとつては未曾有の、不安、動搖、混亂の時代にあつてニューカナデアンがとつた態度は、いやおうなしに人々をリードすることになつたのであつた。去就に迷つている者へ判斷の資料を提供して決斷を促し、あらゆる角度から檢討して私たちが善しと信じた方向へ轉換し進出することを勸說し、未知の世界を紹介して人々の心をそそつたからである。

私たちのとつたこの態度は、その當時、日本的にのみものを考える一部の人からは「國賊」呼ばわりされ、また、ニューカナデアンの報道は餘りにローヂー・ピクチュアにすぎる。好い方面ばかりを書き立てる——という風に非難されもしたものであるが、非常時代が移るにつれて、私たちのとつた態度は正當化されて來たし、ローヂー・ピクチュアも事實に於ては更によくなつて來ている。

十年は過ぎた。人々も漸く落着いてきた。混亂時代の騷しさ、物新らしさから、再建安定の歩みを徐行する時代の社會を新聞が反映し、「どうやら人の後を追つているように」見われるのも、一應はやむを得ないことだとも言える。だが、私たちの眞意はそうではない。人の後を追い、讀者に追從することではない。

新聞の使命は、確實にして迅速なる報道と批判であり、讀者に批判の材料を提供することである。そして新聞にはいろいろな理想があるであろうが、一口に言えば大衆を向上させることでなければならないと思う。從つて、新聞にいくら斬新さが要求されるからといつて、無暗とセンセーショナルな記事を書いたり、大衆にへつらつて人々の喜びそうなものだけを提供するような傾向があつてはならないと考えている。

朝日新聞の天聲人語が「民主主義とは、一人や二人の英雄を待望することではない。民主的な社會教育とは、精神のバランスのとれた平凡な社會人をたくさんつくることにほかならない。住みよい社會をつくるために、イエスとノーとをハッキリ言い分けられる人が多くなればなるほど、公共社會の安全率と平和率が高まるのである。」と書いているが、まことに同感である。

いま世界で一ばんの大問題となつている平和の問題にしたところで、民衆が健やかな常識を持ち、その常識をもつて解決するところまで行かなければウソだと思う。男も女も、極めて平凡に見える一般凡人の平和を望む常識が生きて働かされ、數えるほどしかない一部の政治家や軍人や指導者の意によつて左右されることのないように、お互いが賢明になり勇氣を持たねばならないと思う。

私たちは、このような日系人社會をつくることをねらい心がけている。みんなといつしよに向上することを念願している。讀者も編集者も、社會の目であり耳であり口であり頭腦であるという意味の建前である。讀者も編集者といつしよになつて書き、大いに批判をたたかわして頂きたいということである。

こんどの特別號は、こうした心持を一層強くして用意した。どつさり寄稿が集まつて到底のせきれないほどの盛況であつた。編集者の方が完全にノックアウトされるほどなのであるが紙面の都合で、長すぎるものなど折角寄せて下さつた原稿も、來年に廻すよりほか致方のないのが澤山ある。御諒解を乞う。

日系カナダ人の生活が落ちついて來て、人々が考えはじめていることは、私たちが當然ながら多少とも日本から身につけて來ている筈の、日本のよいところ——假りに日本文化と誇つておこう——を子孫に傳え、カナダの文化を育成し豊かにする上に、日系カナダ人としての分を盡そうということであろう。その邊のことを多少なりとも特別號の上に反映したいと企てたのであつたが、期せずして、八島畫伯の一文その他、この氣持に合つたものがあるように思える。有難くて愉快なことである。

元旦

アルバタ州 是海

新年佛法問如何。（新年の佛法如何と問はば）開口不須説似他。（口を開いて他に説似することを須ひざれ）露出東君眞面目。（露出す東君眞面目）春風吹綻臘梅花。（春風吹き臘梅花ほころぶ）

これは大智禪師の偈頌のうちにある元旦二首のうちの初めの一首である。

一休禪師は『元旦や冥土の旅の一里塚、芽出度もあり芽出度もなし』というたが、芽出度いのか芽出度くないのか譯が分らん。本當のことを言うと年が寄つてくる、これが年寄つたのが大きくなつたのが嬉しいのか譯が分らん。

人間という奴は怪体な奴である。芽出度い芽出度いと、何が芽出度いのか、悲しい悲しいとて何が悲しいのか、悲しくない事を悲しみ、喜ぶべき事を喜ばず、嬉しくない事を嬉しがる。これは元旦というものの參究である。

人間は心の持ち樣である。近頃の言葉で言えば更生する——マッサラになる、生れ替る。家々は毎日元旦でなければならん。毎日朝起きる時は元旦のあの氣持ちでなくてはならん。どこやらの山の雪を歌うた句碑に『元日の人は神なり佛なり』というのがある。

元旦、マッサラになつた氣持で、家々を毎日マッサラにし、銘々飯を食うのでも慢性になつて飯を食うのではなく感謝してマッサラになつて飯を食う。勤行するのでも例によつてといつた樣な慣れたお勤めは糞の役にも立たん。

元旦に芽出度い事があると今年一年は芽出度いというがそんな事はない。いつも元旦で芽出度く暮すから一生芽出度いのである。元旦に緣起が悪かつたから——というのは古い元旦を暮すからだ。人間のドタマというものには一生古い奴が殘つている。去年はこうであつた、若い時別ピンだつた、金持だつた……、と言つてもはじまらない。

マッサラな常に新らしい參究を私は元旦と參究する。それが元旦でなければならん。願くば毎日元旦、一生元旦で暮したい。若し年末の參究に雲門の臘月二十五日という參究があるならば、それは丁度芭蕉が言うところの『いつも辭世』であらねばならん。芭蕉はいつでも辭世である。どの句もみな辭世の句である。どちらでも面白い。どれも最後であり、どれも最初である。それが佛教の無常を觀ずるということである

感謝

ニューカナデアン

皆様の御支援と御協力によりクリスマスと新年の特別號が出來上りました。全部で五十六ページ、昨年のにまさる出來ばえだと思います。ここに私たちの厚き感謝の意をこめて送り出します。どうぞ御愛讀下さい。そして來る年にも一段の御支援を願い上げます。

●次號は一月七日に——過去一ケ月に亘る晝夜の働きでみんな相當に疲れて來ました社員一同がクリスマス—正月のパラデーをするために來週は休刊して、次號は一月七日(水)に發行することになりました。何うぞ御諒解下さるように願います。

（祝賀廣告は最後の印刷に間に合う限りのものは掲載いたしましたが遅着の分は次號に收錄致します）

●特別號を贈物に——これは日本の知人等へ贈ると喜ばれると思います。すでに申込まれた分は發送致しましたがまだまだ浮出餘分があるので一部二十五仙（現金でもスタンプでもよい）を添えて御申込み下さい。

●新購讀者に——新しく購讀を申込まれる方には特別號を無料で贈呈いたします。知人その他でニューカナデアンをまだ購讀していない方々へおすすめ下さい。年末の贈物として本紙の購讀券を御利用下さるのもよいことです。

ニューカナデアン

The New Canadian
479 Queen Street West
Toronto, Ontario
(Phone EM. 6-5005)

毎週水土 二回發行
購讀料（前金拂）
半年三弗 一年六弗

日本文編輯者
梅月高市 森研三

日系人總數は二一、六六三名

統計發表

オタワ政府統計局よりの發表によると、一九五一年に行われたカナダ國勢調査のうち人種別人口統計に現われたカナダ在住日系人の總數は二一、六六三名であることが明らかとなつた。一九四一年の統計に示された日系總人口二三、一四九名に比して二、四八六名の減少である

各州別の日系數

一九五一年の人口調査による日系カナダ人の總數は二一、六六三名、このうち男一一、五九七、女一〇、〇六六で男が一、五三一名多い。各州別の日系人口は次の通り

△ニューファンランド 二（男一、女一）△ピーイーアイ 六（男三、女三）△ノヴアスコシャ 四（男四）△ニューブランズウイック 七（男四、女三）△クベック 一、一三七（男五八〇、女五五七）△オンタリオ 八、五八一（男四、六〇〇、女三、九八一）△マニトバ 一、一六一（男五九九、女五六二）△サスカチワン 二二五（男一一六、女一〇九）△アルバタ 三、三三六（男一、七六二、女一、五七四）△ビーシー 七、一六九（男三、九〇二、女三、二六七）△ユーコン 二三（男一七、女六）△ノースウエスト 一二（男九、女三）

少い出生率 十年間に僅か二、六〇〇名

日本で生れたカナダ人（いわゆる一世）の總數は六、二九三名（男三、六〇三、女二、六三七）、十年前の一九四一年の統計に見ると一世總數は九、四六二名（男五、八二二、女三、六四〇）となつていたのに比べて三、一六九名も減つているのは心淋しい數字である。現在一世が約六〇〇〇名であれば二世又は三世の人口は一五、六〇〇名となり、十年前の一四、〇〇〇名に比して約二、六〇〇名となつていることは明らかであるが、それはとりもなおさず、日系の自然増加（出生）が一年平均二六〇名しかならないことで、沿岸退去移動、經濟的理由などで日系人の出産率がきわめて低下したことを物語つている。

女王に日本人形

【東京發】二つの日本人形が目下英ジェット機コメット號で渡英中であるが、一つは英女王に、もう一つはチャーチル首相に贈られる。全日本學生パイロット連盟から贈呈したものである

明るい見通し 來年度就職面

【オタワ發】來年は失業も少く勞働力も增加して就職見通しは明朗であるというのがカナダの年を迎ねる幸先のよいウラナイである。カナダの勞働力は五千五百万、昨年より七万五千乃至八万五千の增加で來年は更に三十万人の勞働力を必要とする新規事業がおこされている。ところが熟練技能者の移民をどんどん入國させてはいるがそれでは到底滿たされず、國防産業だけでも人手不足でスケジュールが遅れがちである

日本軍使用 マ元帥提言?

【ワシントン發】歴史的なアイクとマッカサー兩元帥の會見が先週ニューヨークのダレス氏宅で行われたが、會談が主に軍事的秘密に屬するものであるから、この會談の内容の全部は發表はなかろう。消息筋では朝鮮から歸つたアイクは次の何れかを選ばればならないと見ている

（一）朝鮮から全く手を引く

（二）現在の戰線を保持し、なお休戰成立に努力すること

（三）平壤附近の最狹地域まで進擊する一定攻勢を起すこと

（四）鴨緑江まで押し進めて、武力で以て朝鮮統一をはかること

以上のうちの一つをマ元帥がアイクに提言したものと見られるが、まず第二のサゼストを行つたのではないかと推察される。このためにマ元帥は日本軍、國府軍の使用或は主張したと考へられる

日軍脫走兵數百

【東京發】ジャバ及びスマトラには今なお數百名の日本軍脱走兵が山中に生き殘つているとインドネシア航海から歸つた日本船々長が今週語つたが、彼等はそつくり土着民そつくりで一見日本人とと思ねないと。

增給十六仙で解決 鐵道組合に有利、スト回避さる

鐵道非運轉從業員勞賃問題に關する調定局の增賃裁定に不滿を表しストになるかも知れぬと見られたが、鐵道側では平均時給十六仙と同時にユニオン側の勝利である非組合員からも組合費を徴集することを承認して鐵道賃金紛爭は妥協を見た。ユニオン側では當給四十五仙を要求したものであつたがその代り十六仙の增賃は昨年九月一日までさかのぼつて有効という結果になつてユニオン側の要求は基本的な條件は先ず容れられたと見てよい妥協が成立したのだ

「鹿地監禁」はウソだ 米國側が眞相明す

【東京發】日本で問題となつている『鹿地亘事件』に對し米國は『鹿地は共産黨員で黨ボスから處罰されることを恐れ、米當局者に庇護して貰いたいと哀願した』旨の事件の眞相を傳えた三ページの秘密書簡を日本外務省に手交したと確實なる筋から報じられた。これによると、鹿地氏が國會で『米國の特別機關のため逮捕監禁された』との口述はウソであつて、鹿地は野坂參三と親交の間柄だが鹿地がスパイ活動を米當局に告白したので身許が危くなつたから助けてくれと願い結核の手當らしではしいとのことであつたから看護してやつたのだということである。

ペタワワ不正事件で國防省の腐敗追及さる

既報の通り戰時中日系人がインターンされていたオ州のペタワワ兵營の不正事件（軍用品を盗みボロ儲けをした）を政府任命でモントリオールのジョージ・エス・カリーが調査した結果の報告書がオタワ議會に報告されたが、この報告書の原文がシーシーエフ黨首コールドウエル氏の手に入り、議會で報告されたものと字句文章に相違があることが明らかとなつて問題化し、いわゆる「カリー報告書」で野黨が政府攻擊の材料につかつて國防省内の腐敗を追及、クラクストン國防相の辭職を要求する辭まであげられ、ここの所政府はしどろもどろの辯解最中だが、クリスマス休暇の[illegible]ルで一先ず汗をぬぐうことが出來た

永びく炭スト

【東京發】日本は炭坑の煙突から煙が出なくなつてから六十餘日、いつまでも永びく炭勞ストでいよいよ石炭不足、列車の運轉を減少した[illegible]汽車は非常な混雜で長距離旅行は切符入手にきわめて困難で、このところヤミ屋が横行、炭坑ストには九百三十三万人が參加、勞組の損失が一日三[illegible]圓といわれている

得意大切に

日本ミカンの東部進出について露木氏語る

ミカン市場調査と實帯正夫氏見舞のため來加した露木[illegible]氏は[illegible]州に滞在豫定であるが日本ミカンについて次の如く語つた

[illegible]今年はミカン操作[illegible]ランデ[illegible]賃[illegible]二百万箱も送つており[illegible]都市では一箱一弗五[illegible]六十仙に賣つておりこれはダンピングと思われる。今年は相當東部にもミカンが進出してきたことはうれしいが、販路を[illegible]駄目で、日本ミカンは粒揃いでみんな甘くておいしいという評判をとることが先決問題だと考えられる。

在日本ミカン栽培者は、ソ連がミカンを大量買つてもよいという話で大いに乗氣になつて商談が進められたが結局この話はお流れになつた。いまのところカナダはミカンの大得意であるから、もう少しカナダ市場を大切にしなければいけないと思う

日本より露木氏宛の通信によると、中共から歸つた某商事の某氏の歡迎會[illegible]を發表した翌日の會合に有名會社の出席多く百五十名も參加したのは一般の貿易不況のため中共方面に關心が高まりつつあることを示していると傳えている

領事官邸で年賀

【晩市領事館發表】安川領事夫妻は日系市民と元日を祝し、一日午後三時から五時半までオスラー街三八三八の邸で新年レセプションを行う由各位を歡迎すると。

スターリン平和賞

スターリン首相は二十一日で七十三回誕生を迎えたが、その日七名の外人がスターリン平和賞を授受された中に[illegible]市の親ソ的[illegible]ジェームス・エンデコット氏[illegible]含まれた。賞金二万五千弗である

はなし

日系人と見られる一青年がトロント市支那人街、バタチ場からピストルをつきつけて八十弗を奪つて逃げた。目下警察で取調中と

日本の心

（神戸）加納とわ

この頃日本人の間には、自國の歴史の歩みの數實く、その歩みについての反省を持ちたい念願からであらうか、若い人々さえまじへた古文化の研究の集りなどが時々持たれてゐる。兎も角古い歴史をしつかり抱きしめることによつてのみ、しつかりした批判もあり、これが新らしい日本の明日への前進の足場をかためる手だてだ、と云つてその人人は情熱を打ち込んでゐる。私も斯うした人々にまじつて昨年は、かのブルノー・タウトが讃美したといふ桂の離宮を拜見し、今年は、山城の八幡山に近い松花堂を尋ねた。私はその時の覺え書の一節を遠い皆様にお話したいと思う。

松花堂は山城の八幡町の東北方の月の岡郎内にある。この月の岡といふのは、もと八幡山の泉防書院と云はれたものを茲に移したもので、豐臣秀吉の全盛時代、かの桃山時代とよばれてゐた時の建築で松花堂はすなはちこの境内にある。

さて茲で此の堂を建てた男山瀧本坊昭乘といふ人のことをお話しなくてはならない。昭乘は近衛家の臣といふことであるが、豐臣秀次を父として堺といふ所で生れ奈良で育つたといふことである。

僧となる迄には多少の人生の起伏が察せられるが長じて書をよくし、書に於ては、當時、近衛應山公、本阿彌光悦と並んで寛永の三筆とたたへられたと云はれている。そして昭乘は、又、徳川三代將軍の書道の師ともなつたといふことである。

×　×

私が茲を訪れたのは新緑萠ゆる五月の半頃であつた。樹樹の芽の匂ふ月の岡郎は清鮮の氣に包まれたすがすがしさで、東南の方向には宇治、西北には生駒の峰が霞の中に聳えてゐる。寂々として淨らかな廣間の襖襖をとはす廊下からは芝生の廣庭が見渡される。松花堂はその廣庭の左手にある。

方形の屋根の棟に瓷を伏せた二疊敷の茶席である。私たちが青々とした芝草を草履にふみしめて茶室へ足をはこぶ束の間も樹々の若芽が馥郁と身に泌み徹る氣持である。簡素な濡れ椽を上るとまづ「向雲」と書かれた額が目に入る。床には昭乘みづから讃ところの自像畫がある。墨一色の素朴な筆致は見れども見れども飽きぬ淸純さであり、その賛の和歌もうつくしい。

寢覺してわが曉をまつの戸に晋せぬ風の色をきくかな

と、いふ一首である。晋せぬ風の色をさへ思ひやる靜けさは、昭乘の日々の生活觀をその儘にうたいあげられたものであらう。と身の引締る感動であつた。縣花いけには、深い緑のしたたるやうな山藍の碧玉にも似た、つぼみを持つた一枝がいけられて、いかにも初夏らしいさわやかさである。誰も誰も言葉もなく座して居たが、この茶室にゐると持佛堂のような感じが胸にくるのは單なる茶人が營んだ茶室ではなく、僧でおつた昭乘の心が深く茲にこもつてゐる故であらうと思はれた。

仰げば竹でこまやかに編まれた天井の極彩色の桐竹鳳凰の圖が桃山時代の豪華さの片鱗を見せてゐるやうに思はれた。原書は永徳の筆になつたもののよしであるがそれが傷んだため後世の畫家がその通りに書き直したといふことである。

「向雲」とかかれた額をはじめ、屏風や帖など昭乘の遺墨を次々に見た。昭乘は弘法大師を慕つて入木道を研めたと云はれてゐるが、その遺墨に向つてゐると、書には全く素人の私もその伸々とした潤ひのある線の表情に吸ひ込まれさうな思ひである

×　×

この二疊敷のささやかな茶室はもとより月の岡郎はまことに素朴な淸純さを持つてゐる。かの歴史が語る桃山時代の建築物として殘る大阪城や桃山御殿の豪華さ壯大さを思ふ時、その同じ時代にこの簡素な堂が建てられたことは考へさせられる。然し深く思へば豊公が大阪城の豪華さを見せたその反面「和敬清寂」の精神による茶道に親しんだことを考へ、又徳川初期にあの華麗な日光廟が營まれた同じ時代に清淨そのもののやうな桂の離宮の造營があつたことを考へ合はせると、日本民族の精神の中を一筋流れる淸純性といふやうなものが、この月の岡郎や松花堂のもろもろの風情に表現されたのであらうかと深くうなづかれる。要するに、これが日本の傳統と云ふのであらう。

×　×

赤々と夕陽をみなぎらす麥畑の畔に立つて目を上げると東へ展かれた緑の丘は高く低く續きつづいて、この白い道は弘法大師が高野山から京都の東寺へと通ひ馴れた高野街道であらうかと思ひ、彼の丘の邊は、南北朝時代の悲しい戰の跡であらうかと、中々思ひは盡きないのであつた。丘を越えてはるか彼方に遠く比叡の嶺がくきやかにそびえ、その左が横川、更にその左にうつすらと比良の峰の稜線がうす霞む夕空を區切つてゐる景觀はどこまでも平和な風光である。

祖國はこの穏やかな景情に包まれながら、人々には新しい日本の秩序復興の爲に、それは物質の上にも精神の上にもあらむ限りの努力を傾けてゐるのである。私たちはつきぬ思ひを胸に包んで月の岡郎にまた松花堂に別れを告げた。このあたりから男山の麓のあたり、深い緑の草の茂みに昔のあとどころを示す立石があまたあるのを、夕暮の中にかへり見つつ歸途についたのであつた。（昭和二十七年五月の旅日記より）



二見浦の初日の出

J. T. B. — Photo

THE NEW CANADIAN

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HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS

DECEMBER

24—Toronto. Metropolitan Young People's Snowflake Frolic, at Club Top Hat, 9-1 a.m.

24—Hamilton. Hamilton Nisei Club Council Third Annual Christmas Dance, at Rainbow Room, 9 p.m.

26—Montreal. Quebec JCCA Jamboree, at Victoria Hall.

26—Lethbridge. JCCA Annual Snoball, at the Trianon, 9-1 a.m.

27-28.—Vancouver. Vancouver JCCA Second Annual Shibai and Variety Show, at Buddhist Church.

31—Toronto. Toronto JCCA New Year's Eve Dance, at Labor Lyceum, 9-1 a.m.

31—London. London-St. Thomas JCCA New Year's Eve Dance, at King St. United Church gym.

31—Lethbridge. Alberta JCCA "Nisels" New Year's Eve Mammoth Jamboree, 9-3 a.m.

31—Taber. Taber Y.B.A. New Year's Eve Dance, at Taber Buddhist Hall, 9 p.m.

31—Raymond. Raymond YBS New Year's Eve Social, 9-1 a.m.

JANUARY, 1953

1—Vancouver. Vancouver JCCA New Year's Dance, at Hastings Auditorium.

1—Vancouver. New Year reception for JC's by the Consul of Japan and Mrs. Takeshi Yasukawa, 3:00-5:30 p.m., 3838 Osler St.

2—Toronto. Kisaragi Club New Year's Dance, at Polish Alliance Hall, 8 p.m.

Next Issue Out Wed. January 7

As in past years, the staff will be taking a holiday season vacation before resuming the twice-weekly schedule in 1953. The next issue will be out on Jan. 7.

Femme Fare

By CINDERELLA

"I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas"

The simple tune, "I'm dreaming of a White Christmas" holds for me much of poignancy and pain, of tenderness and quiet joy. It is a tune which draws me, no matter where I chance to be, across the miles to a little town lost among mountain peaks, imbedded in a deep ravine.

"I'm dreaming of a White Christmas" is only a song, but to me it is a song as personal as my inmost thoughts. And to hear it on lips that know not the strangeness of a time cut short from life's forward march, when living promised nothing but stagnancy—to hear it on lips alien to that experience is to me a sacrilege.

"White Christmas" is a picture which is indelibly fixed upon my memory. It means a quiet town where at this time now the snow falls noiselessly all day, and when night descends, from beneath balaclavas of white powdery snow the lights of homes glow bright with hope and is reflected in the stars that shine above the glistening trees. And I can hear the crunch of ice-crusted snow underfoot, and the tingling air, and the strange noises of silence whispering to ears made acute with too much loneliness. And all around, the mountains tower in peaks, menacing shadows fencing one in, or dark, friendly creatures giving assurance, depending on one's mood at the moment.

"White Christmas" is an experience. Christmas came into ghost towns slowly, surreptitiously, turning up in gay little Christmas cards on display in Rosie's drug store, in fat turkeys hanging in Johnny Harris' general store.

We did lip service to it all—Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men! But the spirit was not there. "To shove people, human beings around like common cattle!" I had protested. "Look girl, take it reasonably. It's an emergency measure", came back the reply. And now I was taking it "reasonably", for in making things matter made more room for pain.

* * *

Then a letter did it. It came from a young lad not quite eighteen years old. Written in a hurried scrawl the note read "Gosh, wish we were back home, even in those damn hills of yours. The tree must be up now, and what we wouldn't give for a honest-to-God home-cooked meal! Merry Christmas!"

Merry Christmas from a mere lad who had been "pushed around". And thinking of the lad so far away, we baked cakes, throwing in peanuts instead of hard-to-get walnuts and pecans, using extravagantly our ration of sugar so that he could have his cake, we felt the stir of Christmas in House 20.

* * *

A medley of people came to dinner—Tony, the Czechoslovakian trapper, Gene, the Norwegian-Canadian prospector, Rosie, the Italian drug store owner, Johnny and Alma Harris, owners of the Sandon general store—to sit beside us—evacuees whose future was as uncertain as the winds that roared around the eaves of the house.

And then Tony the trapper wiped his moustache on the sleeve of his worn hunting jacket, laid down his glass of home-made huckleberry wine, and made the most memorable speech in all the inarticulate years spent in the wilds of the mountains he loved. "Ect is a privilege . . . I am happy to be here . . . and God bless you all!"

And sitting there, I felt the tears very close. And through the uncurtained window, the high peaks were now lying low like friendly dark beasts and there were stars burning in the night sky. And over the radio, loaned to us for the evening, came the words "I'm dreaming of a White Christmas . . ." In that moment I knew that happiness is a way of the spirit.

* * *

"White Christmas" to me means so many things.

It is a memory of friends who stood by when evacuation ceased to remain a joke, when the world became a hopeless place. It is a memory of two or three years of strange living, when the thing that mattered most was the daily problems met with honesty and courage. It is the memory of a time we had thought would never end, but which is now a part of the nostalgic past.

It is a renewal of faith in little things, in everyday loving, in everyday laughing, in everyday hoping. It is a song of courage of people whose hearts were sorely tried, but who refused to admit defeat.

And so "White Christmas" takes me back on a pilgrimage up the Denver Road into Sandon, B. C., for a refreshing of the spirit, for there the spring water is crystal clear and the star of hope shines undimmed.

Yes, even eight years later, living as a citizen in a busy metropolis,

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the one I used to know."

SECTION ONE

The New Canadian

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

VOL. 15 — NO. 100 TORONTO, ONT. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1952

Christmas Needs A Child's Eyes

By FRANK MORITSUGU

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME to be a child. If that's impossible because age hangs on our narrow bent shoulders, then the next best is to taste Christmas through a child's eyes.

For it is only a child who enjoys to the full the wonder of Christmas. The Night Before Christmas is a time for last-minute wrapping, aching feet and a strong desire for eighteen hours of undisturbed sleep. But for a child, it is a time of the sweet agony of anticipation —and the strong faith that Santa Claus is making his round of chimneys in his jingling sleigh. White Christmas can bring the growing-up delight of a stolen kiss that tastes of soft snowflakes as well as of warm soft lips. But even that delight pales before the happiness of a child on a white Christmas day, blowing steamy breath on his window and looking out at the marvel of an immaculate white blanket spread over the familiar scenery outside.

And so it is, with all the other wonderful things that come with a merry Christmas day. The dinner can be full of exciting smells and mouth-watering deliciousness, just like the one that Scrooge saw at the Cratchists'. But it's the children who find the turkey the biggest they've ever seen, the Christmas crackers the snappiest they've ever pulled and the novelty hats the funniest they've ever worn.

For the rest of us, the merriment and fun of Christmas is diluted by the heavy work and the rushing that is always necessary to make the merry-making possible. Then too, Christmas loses its sense of innocent wonder when it becomes too apparent to us that commerce and finance are responsible for the neon-lighted gaiety which passes for Christmas Cheer.

* * *

There's no getting away from it, Christmas has now become so commercialized that it often seems like an idea dreamed up by the hucksters of department stores. It all starts early in November, when radio disc jockeys start filling the air with incessant warnings that Christmas is coming near. So we get Silent Night sung by a chorus of five voices all coming from one female singer in a lowcut gown, and a cowboy balladeer plaintively reminds us that Here Comes Santa Claus and that Rudolph is again doing his bit with that blindingly red nose of his.

If you live in a big city, a Santa Claus parade is a star feature of the month. Fairy-tale characters, Mother Goose refugees and red-cheeked wenches suffering from overexposure on a frosty Saturday morning wend their way through the city, snarling up traffic for the sake of pot-bellied businessmen. At the climax of the parade comes old Santa Claus himself in a ruddy big float pulled by a powerful tractor. He is enthroned in a sleigh hitched to a team of wooden reindeer which gallop up and down in response to a clockwork motor whirring deep in the innards of the float. Santa waves his mitt, strokes his beard for the benefit of the newsreel and television cameras, and chortles a loud and hollow "Ho-ho-ho" which is magnified ten times by a loudspeaker also hooked up on the float.

About a month later, the time comes when you are drawn relentlessly into the hysterical vortex of the Christmas shopping rush. You fight your way through a mob of elbowing, toe-trampling, strained-looking people who are filled with the desire to give—into the coffers of smug avaricious merchants who have come to think that Christmas is a marvelous invention which helps them unload the piled-up stock in the warehouse.

But there isn't much use revolting against this part of Christmas, because it's all too well organized anyway. And even if the joy may seem machine-made, out of it comes the material that can produce the shiny wonder in the eager eyes of a child on Christmas day.

* * *

Some people are trying to fight against the commercialism of Christmas. They have launched a campaign to Bring Christ Back to Christmas. The slogan is admirable—worthy of the most skillful hucksters of the advertising agencies. Obviously, the idea is to fight fire with fire.

Last month, the Bring Christ Back to Christmas people got into the news in Toronto when they suggested that a tableau showing the Birth of the Christ-Child be set up on the city-hall steps. They said the tableau would remind passers-by that Christmas was a religious holiday, not just a day of merriment and Santa Claus. The suggestion was turned down by the mayor and his council on the grounds that there were Jews, Buddhists, Moslems, Confucians and others besides Christians in the city. The council also thought that a passing drunk might carelessly toss an empty mickey into the Crib, shattering the solemn hallowed effect. A Toronto newspaper—never noted for its excess of good taste—fastened on this refusal to hint broadly that the mayor, who was running for re-election, was a bit on the un-Christian side. However that may be, he was re-elected.

Now there's no doubt on heaven or earth that the Bring Christ Back people are sincere and well-meaning. But they are typical of those among us who like to think they are a little more "religious" than the rest. They do not seem to notice that what they are actually trying to do is to cram Christ down some very unwilling throats. They will not allow for the fact that most of us think that Santa Claus and the warm-hearted good fellowship that Christmas brings is as much a part of the day as the sectarian minority view that the day celebrates the birth of the Carpenter of Galilee.

Many of us have parents who had never celebrated Christmas before coming to this country. Japan is not a dominantly Christian land. And even in a country like this where Christians are in the majority, many people of other religions ignore the day.

And yet, if you get away from thinking of Christmas as a religious day only, it would seem that this is a holiday that all of us, Christians and non-Christians alike, can enjoy. And surely there is nothing that is needed as much as a day when all people can be happy.

And if Christmas is to be an interdenominational and inter-racial and inter-national holiday, the idea is defeated by Bringing Christ Back to Christmas. I suggest instead that the child should be Brought Back to Christmas. For it is the young child, still undirtied by the cheap cynicism of the [illegible] adult, who finds a simple and overwhelming wonder in Christmas.

* * *

This Christmas, a small brightly decorated tree will stand in a front room for one child's approval. The particular one I'm thinking of is too young yet to know of the Christ-Child or Santa Claus. She will learn about them as time goes by, but right now her elders cannot speak her own infant language very well.

To her, Christmas this year may perhaps be only another in the series of new and novel days that come tumbling into her experience. But for the grown-ups in her life, Christmas will truly be a day of deep warm happiness, because she will be a part of that day.

They will have a chance to help Santa Claus do his happy work, by showering her with gifts. All they will ask in return is that she is made happy with the gifts. Although many presents will surround her as she sits by the tree, she will only be able to dimly tell them apart and will only want to put them in her mouth and chew and drool over them.

At dinner, she will sit in her high-chair as usual and squash an arrowroot biscuit all over her face. The roast bird on the table will arouse only mild curiosity from her, unless she gets the urge to crawl out of her chair and onto the table for an exploration trip. She will lose her Christmas paper hat a few minutes after it is put on her head. It will have to be picked up and picked up and picked up—until father gets too full of Christmas goodies to bend over easily.

For you see, this will be the very first Christmas in her life. And it is the beginning of many exciting wonder-filled days that she and those who love her will experience as she steadily grows into a lovely young lady. And through her eyes, we will again be able to taste the wonder of the Santa Claus Parade; for her, we will gladly brave the jostling turmoil of a department store Toyland.

And it is because of her that the phony part of modern Christmas will be swept aside and the angry voices of the religiously righteous will become dim and far-off.

And think of it—her second Christmas will be even more fun than her first!

hard-working nisei teenager

By K. I.

"I don't see why you want to know more about me, I'm just an ordinary Nisei teenager". Thus speaks Lucy Kono, the petite, dimpled 17-year-old winner of the 1952 Toronto JCCA Oratorical Contest Trophy. Perhaps if you saw her comfortably dressed in slacks, doing her homework, you would see why. She has a quality about her which radiates friendliness and makes her auditors at ease in addition to knowing what she's talking about.

A fourth form student at Bloor Collegiate, she will be writing Junior Matriculation this coming June. She is undecided whether to go on to University and take up nursing or train in a hospital. She would like to be a nurse mainly because she will be helping people and as she says, "even if you get married, it will always be useful."

No, she doesn't go steady [illegible] since she feels that girl in fourth form is too young to go steady. Time enough for that later, right now she thinks it's better to have many friends and that going steady might interfere with school work. Her best marks are achieved in chemistry and physics although she likes French the best.

Among her extra-curricular [illegible] she has played the [illegible] orchestra since her first [illegible] school. She has been [illegible] of the orchestra, and this year is its [illegible] convenor. In addition, she is a representative of her school to the [illegible] United Nations Organization.

As an executive in the Club Ami, the "best teenage club in town", she works hard in getting new ideas, organizing meetings and socials. At present, they are hampered by the lack of having a suitable meeting place which can be secured rent free. She feels the Nisei club is the best in Toronto because its membership is open and the members are all friendly.



LUCY KONO

Musically talented, in addition to playing the violin, she plays the piano at the Buddhist Church. At home she plays mostly classical pieces, but she confesses that she would like to learn boogie-woogie and jazz.

Lucy is one teenager who doesn't have [illegible] Dad for extra spending money [illegible] Saturday job in a grocery [illegible] she was employed at Christie Brown and she hopes [illegible] her tuition for University by working during the summer.

As a typical Nisei teenager, we asked her for her opinions on certain topics which might interest other teenagers.

Just what are Nisei teenagers like? They're friendly and frank was her comment. What did she think about teen-

(Cont'd. from P 13)

Dedicated To Sylvie

By CINDERELLA

A story of three people: a girl who didn't believe, a little girl who believed, and a man who wasn't quite sure about Christmas . . .

H'm, why should he have to fix up Santa Claus' mistakes? He had enough to do as it was. Jeannie would get over her mad. Her bark was worse than her bite. But he wished she wouldn't slam doors though. The force with which she slammed the door just now lifted the page of the date pad on his desk. He noted with a kind of mounting uneasiness that today was the 18th of December. Around the "19th" was a red, pencilled circle. He had marked it himself, almost four months ago, on a lazy September afternoon when old Schlesinger, the new sponsor, had come to see him.

Old Schlesinger had been hounding him for the script for the last five days. He hadn't written the script as yet. O, he'd talked to himself about being able to do things better at the last minute, that he was thinking of a new idea, but the truth of the matter was that Dick Bradford, commissioned with the script and the announcing for the biggest commercial account at Station CVPL, hadn't a ghost of an idea to work on.

He needn't have taken it out on Jeannie. She was a nice kid, a good worker, and the best pinch-hitter for the Annual Christmas Season around Station CVPL. A trifle too serious about her job and a bit too soft, but a nice girl.

All Jeannie had wanted was the right answer to a little boy's request.

"Look, Dick, what am I going to tell Jon Garth. He's only five and he writes: Dear Santa Claus. Would you please send me a baby girl for Christmas, Daddy says that a little brother is nicer n' a baby sister but I'll be awful good, so could you make it a girl, please. Signed Jon Garth . ."

"And so?" he had queried.

"But I've checked with the hospital, and the Garth baby's already arrived. And it's a boy."

"Well, tell him the truth . . ."

"But," Jeannie had protested, "It's Christmas . . . ."

Nothing to get cynical about, but these days Dick found it hard not to get annoyed at small things. He told himself it was the stress of too much work, the irritation of coming to logger heads with Schlesinger, who felt that money could buy almost anything. The part that hurt was that in Schlesinger's case, money could and did buy most things.

He needn't have said to Jeannie that Christmas was a farce, even though he might have thought so.

But Dick knew it wasn't Schlesinger altogether that bothered him. It was the cool, matter-of-fact percision of a typewritten note, addressed to him personally, lying in his top drawer, which irked him. It was like dust in his eye when he couldn't see it. He couldn't put his finger on it but it was damned irritating.

"It's too bad (he could even quote it now), "all this nonsense about Christmas. I gave up the idea long ago, but unfortunately, my niece Sylvie, who is just five years old, is being brought up to believe in Santa Claus . . . "

Then the letter went on to say how Sylvie had waited now, for over ten days, for a word from Santa Claus. It was the sentence "Perhaps you might do one honest, decent thing. Tell Sylvie the truth about Santa Claus." The note was signed "Cynthia Graham."

Cynthia Graham, whoever she was, seemed to know all the answers. Let her cope with her own niece. He had other things to do besides fixing up Santa Claus' faux pas.

St. Catherine Street, at five o'clock, filled with last-minute shoppers, and strung with lights, looked bright with expectancy. As he came up Beaver Hall Hill, away from the office, he could see high above the main door of Morgan's Department Store, a giant pipe organ, with a realistic dummy organist. And on all the windows on either side, were angelic faces of cherubic choir girls and choir boys, their head tilted as if reaching for silvery angel notes somewhere in the distance. And from a hidden P. A. System, came a stream of Christmas music.

Adestes Fideles . . . O Come All Ye Faithful . . . And somewhere from the hidden memories of a small-town Ontario Christmas, he saw a small boy, Dickie Bradford, cleanly scrubbed, yellow hair slicked back, singing in a high soprano, bell-like and true, singing with fervour

"O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord . . . "

in a small country church on a Christmas morning. It was a long time since he, Dick Bradford had been to church.

Still musing, Dick found himself at Murray's Restaurant. He glanced at his watch. He decided he just had time to get a bite, and then go back to the office to work for a couple of hours on the Schlesinger program.

It was the account which any other man on the staff would have given his eye teeth for. It represented $10,000 a year for Station CVPL. Schlesinger Ale was known throughout the country as the "Ale of the Century", and Schlesinger, the man behind the ale, was known as the biggest promoter of his own product. He paid well but he also got what he wanted.

"Bradford, we've got to boost a $80 million dollar campaign, and Christmas time is the best time to do it. Get them real sentimental. You got the touch, boy. Give it to them sentimental, and then the sales talk. You know—Christmas with a new angle."

Dick remembered several of Schlesinger's Christmas promotions. Programs with a twist which made people go off the deep end to buy stuff—programs gaudy, brittle and in bad taste. If Schlesinger ever got a crack at heaven, Dick thought cynically, his first job would be to have printed across the wings of angels up there the words, "Schlesinger's Ale". He was quite capable of that. He'd once decked up the Story of the Nativity in modern dress, and had St. Peter running around in a tuxedo with a bottle of Schlesinger Ale in his hip pocket. Schlesinger's favorite Christmas greeting card showed a tipsy cherub singing Christmas carols.

But what the heck. If he was willing to pay for it, well, give it to him. Give him all the sentimental guff he, Bradford, was capable of. It was no skin off his back.

Then the cold, typewritten sentence danced across his memory. "Perhaps you might do one honest, decent thing. Tell Sylvie the truth about Santa Claus."

To hell with Cynthia Graham, he said to himself, as he found himself a secluded corner. Women, women, and more women, all talking at once. He wondered what a blessing it would be if suddenly their tongues dropped out. There would be peace on earth—profound peace.

He gave his order and then let his eyes roam among the sea of faces. Just two tables beyond him, he spied an interesting face. Not beautiful. Dick had met many women in his time. Working around a radio station he

ran into glamour, temperament, brains and no brains. There was a quality about her . . . something of a childlike candour and innocence. And suddenly, Dick wanted to talk to her.

She was deep in a book. He stole a glance at the cover. He could make out the title: "Modern Woman". Reading some article, no doubt, on ten easy steps toward a successful career, Dick told himself. And yet she didn't look the career type. She looked the type dream bungalows were created for. She seemed the type to live in a nice suburban house in some nice, suburban town, married to some nice suburban-minded guy.

He moved over. "May I share your table?" he found himself saying.

She gave him a disinterested nod and went on with her reading. For a few moments he studied her. She was not beautiful. Her nose was a little too nondescript, cut off a trifle too short. Her hair was just mousy-brown, but had the lustre of child hair. But it was her eyes . . . deep blue they were, with a child-like candour in them. Her lips . . . her mouth could be generous—but there was something about her lips. They seemed to be held taut, with a tightness that had no right to be there . . . like when he was nine, and his mother had said to him that sad Christmas, "Son, we don't need a bicycle, do we?" He had said, "Of course not, Mom!", trying to keep his mouth taut, and then had gone back beyond the woodshed to cry his heart out. He had wanted a bike so badly but he was to take Dad's place now. He couldn't cry anymore. A little boy too small to fit into everyday, man-size boots.

He heard himself saying, as if in a dream, "Look. It's Christmas. Let's both have one of these steamed puddings Murray's special for." It was an impulsive thing to do, a crazy thing to do.

"I'm quite capable of buying my own dessert, Mr. Dick Bradford!"

Before Dick could recover from the surprise that she knew him, she got up, picked up her coat, said, "And, for your special information, my name is Cynthia Graham . . ."

Cynthia Graham! The dame with the niece who believed in Santa Claus!

The past five years had taught him to develop a tough hide. Cynthia Graham had no right to upset his equilibrium.

Dick Bradford felt gypped. When he was a little boy, his rich uncle had taken him away for Christmas to the city. His uncle had wanted to please him. He'd bought the most expensive, most extravagant tree that money could buy.

"Well, son, some tree, isn't it?"

"But Uncle Don, it's a make-believe tree," he had answered with child-like truthfulness. "It's not a Christmas Tree at all!"

He remembered the veins in Uncle Don's temple standing out and the anger that burst from him as he spluttered, "What in hell do you want . . ." He hadn't been able to explain to his uncle then. There had been no fragrance, no depth, no grace as only God could give to Christmas trees, in the splendid tree his uncle had provided. There was only a hard, brittle shine. No. A Christmas tree, a phony one, had no business being so shiny and splendid. And this girl Cynthia, had no right looking like she did, looking so sweet and vulnerable.

A phony, and she dared judge him . . .

When he got back to the office, Jeannie was already to leave. "Going to work tonight, Dick? Old Schlesinger phoned. I told him your script was finished."

Jeannie was a good kid. "Thanks, Jeannie, for lying for me. But don't worry, he'll get his program."

At the door to his office he turned. "And one more thing. Before you leave, will you phone Miss Cynthia Graham—she lives on Cote St. Catherine Road—if she isn't in, leave this message. Tell her that Station CVPL will tell Sylvie the truth about Christmas . . . tomorrow."

And at the puzzled expression on Jeannie's face, he added, "You listen in tomorrow, to Schlesinger's program."

* * *

. . . "And now your genial announcer, Dick Bradford . . . ."

And he was on. He needed no rehearsal. No music fills. He was going to tell the story straight. The Truth about Christmas. He began: "This program is dedicated to Sylvie . . . a little girl who refused to disbelieve . . ."

"Little Sylvie . . ." He was surprised at the tenderness that was his voice. "Little Sylvie, can you hear me? I want to tell you the truth about Christmas. Sylvie, you are five years old . . . and you will understand.

"Santa Claus hasn't forgotten you. But you must remember that he's been around a long, long time, helping the Little Lord Jesus to celebrate his birthday. And the Little Lord Jesus has been born for a long, long time too . . . two thousand years almost. And you know, Sylvie, Santa's getting very, very old and very forgetful. But this morning, Sylvie, as he dropped by, he said to me, "Just in case I don't get back in time to tell her myself, would you give little Sylvie Graham a message? Tell her I received her letter and that if she's a good girl, Santa will do his level best."

"So, Sylvie, Santa hasn't forgotten you. And Sylvie, being five years old around Christmas time is a wonderful thing. And don't you believe it, honey, when grown up people who are supposed to be very wise, tell you that there is no Santa Claus. I've seen him, Sylvie.

"You see, Sylvie, when people get older, something happens sometimes, to their hearts, and it becomes harder for them to believe in beautiful things. You, Sylvie, can still hear Prancer and Dancer and Blitzen clattering over the rooftops way in the distance when you really want to. And sometimes, when you're falling asleep, you can hear the jingle of bells coming right over your head.

"But grown ups aren't so lucky. Sylvie, have you ever touched a baby's cheek. It's soft, soft, isn't it? But your daddy's cheek isn't smooth. It's hard and prickly. Well, sometimes, something like that happens to grown-up hearts, honey. And they get hard of hearing too. And when they get that way, no matter what you or I might say, they can't hang on to Santa Claus.

"Sylvie, you must keep Santa in your heart always. Goodnight, Sylvie, and a Merry Christmas."

* * *

Almost an hour later, as he was putting his few belongings into his pocket, the producer burst into Dick's office.

"What got into you, Dick. You deliberately got yourself fired."

"I know it, Bill". Bill looked incredulous. "Well. I'll be shoving off. And, Bill, a Merry Christmas!"

He had plenty of time. And it was Friday night. He went out into the clean, fresh air, up to St. Catherine Street, feeling a kind of exultation, a feeling of being poised on the edge of freedom. For the first time since he had been announcer for Schlesinger, he felt proud of himself.

He stood outside Eaton's and watched youngsters peering with noses pressed to the window, at the electric trains and cowboy suits and walking dolls. A wheezy organ-grinder was playing "God rest you Merry Gentlemen." He shoved his hand into his pocket, ruefully eyed the forty-five cents in change, and threw the old boy a quarter.

Just then, he heard at his elbow. "Perhaps you can treat me to steamed pudding . . . ."

She was there, her eyes aglow, her generous mouth with the tightness no longer there.

"Sorry, I've only twenty-cents! Could you settle for a cup of coffee?"

And laughingly, they lost themselves in the crowd . . .

mikans & shoyu spur to trade with japan ?

By W. K.

UNDER ORDINARY circumstances only a few of The New Canadian readers are likely these days to give thought to the question of trade between Canada and Japan. But the welcome re-appearance at this time of the year of our favorite "mikans", not to mention a number of other more or less exotic delicacies, sent us off the other day on the trail of some incidental intelligence.

Last year, according to official trade statistics, Canadians consumed some 407,862 cubic feet of Japanese oranges. This year, it seems, we're likely to do even better.

It may seem odd to measure oranges by the cubic foot. Nevertheless that's the way the Government of Canada records it for customs purposes. It's hard to visualize oranges by the cubic foot, so a little quick, though crude calculation can help. This volume of oranges is the equivalent of something like 88 million single oranges. That's an average of about six oranges for every man, woman and child in the country.

Our consumption, furthermore, has been going up. In 1938, the last pre-war year, only about 47 million oranges were imported.

* * *

It's interesting to note, too, that certain connoisseurs are again indulging in their taste for certain beverages. Imports of alcoholic beverages last year amounted to 2,745 gallons, valued for customs purposes at $7,685.

Personally we've not seen any of it since pre-war times, but we do recall some very acceptable ghost town substitutes, that went a long way toward easing the great drouth of those days. It's said now that you can locate these imports in provincial dispensaries in Montreal and Vancouver. In earlier years, 1938 for instance, the concentration of people who liked their beverage warmed in special little bottles provided a market for 8,240 imported gallons,—three times the amount imported last year. It would be a mistake to assume from this, however, that any widespread extension of teetotallism was responsible for the decline.

* * *

In the overall picture, Canadian imports from Japan have zoomed upwards since the restoration of peace and more normal trade relationships. Exports from Canada to Japan have climbed even more rapidly, and the familiar pattern of a heavy trade balance in favour, of Canada has again been established.

In 1951 Canadian imports from Japan totalled $12,577,000, up by only four percent from the preceding year, but almost three times as great as in 1938.

Among the detailed list of imports are many items familiar and welcome to Nisei families. For instance, the apparent consumption of "aji" imported from Japan under the name, "sodium glutamate", exceeded 221,000 pounds, valued at $289,000. Much of this, however, is now being used commercially in food processing plants.

Imports of green tea have declined sharply since the pre-war period. In 1938 we imported 2,190,000 pounds from Japan; last year only about 402,000 pounds. Similarly with "shoyu". Since 1938 imports have dropped from 40,000 gallons to 13,000 gallons.

While items such as these—and others like fresh squid, seaweed, and soy bean paste—bear a particular significance to Nisei palates, the stomachs of millions of industrial workers in Japan have a different kind of interest. Ja-

(Cont'd. on P. 13)

二つの深い印象

——トロント滞在記——

大和久 泰太郎

見知らない國にはじめて來ると、よく人に『この國の印象はどうですか』と聞かれる。私達自身も人にそういう質問をする。私も御他分にもれず、よく『カナダをどう思いますか。印象はどうですか』と質問される。よく考えてみると、この位漠然として、返事に困る質問はない。同時に考え方によつてはこの位、返事の容易な問もない。或る場合は、『カナダは日本より寒いですね』と言つたり『景色がきれいですね』と返答したり、きわめて、あいまいなことを言つて、聞く方も答える方も滿足してしまう。なる程これも一つの印象に違いない。はじめての旅行者が特別の事件にでもぶつからない限り、『市電がきれいですね』とか『會う人がみんな親切で氣持がよい』とかいう前の返事に類したようなことの範圍しか答えられないのが普通だ。

私もまだこの國へ來てから五週間餘にしかならない。勿論、二、三日滞在して去つて行く通りすがりの旅行者にさえそれ相當の、その土地の印象があるのだから、私にも日常の生活を通しての、この國のまたこの國の人々に關する感想は持つている。それも前にあげたような日常茶飯事の小さな感想が多い。

私はこの國の基督教青年會の事業を研究、視察するために來年の三月末までこのトロントに滞在する豫定だから、通りがかりの旅行者よりも少しはくわしくこの土地と人々を見て、學ぶことの出來るのを大變幸いだと思つている。來年三月にアメリカへ行つて同様の目的で六ケ月位滞在して日本へ歸るから、私の旅行が終つてから、はじめてアメリカとカナダを比較したり、兩者と日本を比較したりして私の、それぞれの旅行した國の印象が總括的にまとめられると思う。しかし、私がこの大陸に來て今までに強く心に殘つている二つのことを記して見よう。

一つは、このトロントで會つた幾人かの人と私が戰時中から戰後の日本の話をした後で色々な質問を受け、それに答えた時、彼らの言つた言葉である。

戰争のはじまつた時自分達の政府がとつたカナダの日本人に對する行爲に對して責任を感じ、ほんとうに氣の毒に思うし、反省しているという意味のことであつた。人によつて表現は色々異つていたが私の受けた感じは、それが通り一遍のことではなくて、それが心の底からの眞實性を持つていたことである。私はその事實の當否を今、論ずる必要はないと思う。それは、人によつて異るであろうし、その客觀的な結果は歴史が説明するであろう。しかし、私達もまた戰争中になした日本人の行爲について大きな責任と反省を持つている。それを私は忘れてはいないが、私が言う前に彼らが、彼らの自己批判を私に言つた、ということに深い感銘を受けた。同じことを、私が先頃ニューヨーク州のナイアガラ・フォールス・ワイ・エム・シー・エーによばれて、日本の話をした後で經驗した。

或る人は目に涙をためて、アメリカが如何に戰争とは言え、日本に原子爆彈を落した、ことについて反省をしていた。それは私個人に對して深くわびている態度であつた。私は言うべき言葉を知らなかつた。私はこの二つの事實に深く感動させられた。カナダとアメリカ人の善意がここに生きていることを知つた。國の政治や政策には多くの批判すべきところがあり、人々の中には惡いこともあるが、この眞實味のある謙遜が、ある人人の中に生きていることを知ることは私に深い感銘を與える。

今年もクリスマスの季節になつた。クリスマスはショウウインドウの飾りでもなく、サンタの行列でもなく、賑やかなパーティでもない。それは、神の獨り子のイエス・キリストが自らをひくくして罪のある人々の間に人として生れた、という嚴密な事實を示すものに外ならない。私達はそこから謙遜の象徴を學ぶのではないだろうか。このことを忘れてクリスマスは如何に賑やかで樂しくとも意味はない。クリスマスが近づくにつれて私の前述の二つの印象がますます強く私の心に殘つてくるようになつた。

よき後繼者を得て

——發展するカムループス日系人——

ユー・チイ生

戰前、わずか三十七名の在住者だったカムループス地方の日系人は、いまや八百名を數わる大人數となっていずれも家庭を持ち、他人種に遜色のない融合性を示して健實に生活しており、業務に勵んでいる。

日系人の職業別はまず農業次いでロッギング、製材、市内目貫きに進出して食料品、ドライグッド、ベイカリー、モダン・クリーナー、グラーヂレストラントの他時計、保險業者がある。このほか官廳、銀行、會社やその他に就職する者も多く、一般のうけもきわめて良好。

子弟教育に就ては高校、公立校通學の日系學生百六十餘名、總じて優秀成績で、高校の毎年卒業生中には必ず一、二名の日系生が光榮ある奬學金を獲得しては大學に進むのである。

カムループスは海拔千百六十呎、昔はカムクロプスと稱したが、その意味は「水の集會する場所」という土人語だそうでそれがカムループスとなったものだ。戰前人口約五千五百だったが、今では一躍一万四千五百となって伸張している。こゝはカナダで有名なキャトルとシープの牧畜地で牧畜が盛んである。

州政府經營のサナトリアムがあるのでわかる通り、健康に適した地である。スポーツも盛んである。ツラウトはあまりに有名で、大小百餘の湖上に銀鱗がおどり、好釣家をよろこばしている。更に大小ゲームも多く狩獵家のパラダイスでもある。

至誠會行事の一つであった休戰日の忠靈記念塔の花輪贈呈は市協が引繼いでやっており、記念塔周邊に大和櫻を植付けたので、やがてランマンと開花する時が來るだろう。

愛する人々の骨を埋めた日系人にとって、カムループスは離れ難い愛着の地である。一世老いつゝあるいま、二世三世がこのあとを繼いで奮闘していてくれるを思うと力强い慰安を得ると共に、感慨又深いものがある。

ニューデンバーのこのごろ

エス・エス生

山紫水明、風光明眉の地とうたわれたニューデンバーは各地に散在している人々にも思い出多いことだろう。一年前までは三百名の日系人がいたが、今では二百四五十名に減った。このうち養老院にいる者が十七、八名です。ナトリアムは去る五月中旬に閉鎖された。

ニューデンバーは「老人村」とは言え市内には三十餘名の自治者が居るし、家族をこゝに殘して漁に出かけて行った人もある。若い人は山林、ソーミル、鑛山等に働いて居り製材所を經營している事業家もある。

幸い今年は暖かで幾ケ月も好日和にめぐまれ十一月の末までも雪を見なかったが、その代りに例年の松たけは殆ど見られなかった。村の人々は常に何事にも協力一致し和氣あいあいのうちに生活している。

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同 圓雄
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小野與市
春江
マサヨ
タグ子
Revelstoke, B. C.

坂本靖太郎
家族一同
Y. SAKAMOTO
P. O. Box 792
Revelstoke, B. C.

島崎勇次
家族一同
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祈日系人の前途に祝福
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オカナガン日系人合同教會
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日向野グラージ
日向野傳四郎
鈴木正雄
家族一同
外就働者一同



書房小閑記

ことろことろ

八島太郎

専門にしていた建築寫眞から青畫修繕に轉業したYさんが、雪舟の軸をはりだした噂はきいていた。見たいながら二三年もすぎていたが、先晩、軸のかゝつた部屋で晩飯をよばれた。

軸は山水ではなく、群童の遊戯圖で、Yさんと白人夫人は、ことろ　ことろとよんでいる。尺三尺一の水墨横もので、賛はなく、行年八十二雪舟筆の落款のみ、きわめて晩年の作である。

Yさんはちよっと變つているから、これがその雪舟ですがねえなどと言わない。相手の反應をみているらしく、見おとす畫家でもあろうものなら前途なしの烙印をだまつて押しそうである。重寶、國寶というより世界寶ともいうべき作で、かりそめにも見おとせるものではない。

晩飯には一時間以上も早かつたので、それとなく一べつする程度で外にでた。ことろことろのぐるぐるまわり！遊戯群童の喜悦躍動！　横長の畫面と斜S字形にくねらせた童兒七人の一列、それと對比させて、左端に俯むきの童兒ひとり、右端に前むきの童兒ひとり。喜悦躍動を骨組んでいる構圖には、まづ、鷲づかみの非凡さがあった。

類似した童兒圖が、五百年もすぎた十九世紀以降のフランスにあるのも、何か連りのあることであろうか。手を丸輪つなぎにさせたドウミエの群童遊戯圖。それにヒントを得たマチスの水浴裸女群圖、それと連系的につくられた小鑑に笛をふく童兒踊など。軸の渡來が、パリー經由であり、ゴンス著「日本の美術」（一八八三年、パリー版）の第一頁に銅版となって載っているというから、連りをもとめるのも虚構ではなさそうである。現存するマチスが、この構圖の智慧に讃歎をおしまぬことであろうと、ドラッグ店の濃く苦しコーヒーをのみながら、傳統のはこらしさに背骨が直きる思ひであった。

晩飯の椅子は、Yさん夫妻の心やりからか、食卓をこえて雪舟の軸に面していた。左端の俯むきのひとりは、列にふりきられたもので、あわてて列尾につこうとしているのらしい。右端のこちらむきのひとりは、いきおい餘つて先頭からはみでたもので、これも先頭につながつて、そのうえで列尾をつかまえるというのであろうか。くねった列の前半三人は曳かれる重みに不自由そう、後半三人は軽やかである。ふたつの動勢のつなぎ目になった童兒が、だらしない衣紋姿になっているのも可愛いらしい。

ゆったりと眺めていると、細部の纎細な意味が、第一印象でうけた單純な効果のなかに統一づけられている關係が、しだいに理解されてくる。構圖の基骨となる起承轉結も、どうにか見當がついてくる。左端の童兒が起となり、列尾から先頭へと承け、先頭から右端の童兒へかけて轉がきき、ふたたび一列にかえるようにして後方の大地に結ばれているというのであろうか。

行年八十二雪舟筆の文字がまた、やわらかく剛く枯れて水々しく、静澄で流動していて、なんともいえない。こゝにくる中國人博士も激賞しているというが、日本人の書にはなかなか感心しそうもない中國人がしやっぽをぬぐのも當前であろう。六十の坂をこした雪舟は、唐國への究道心やみがたく、玄海灘の荒波をのりきるにはおかなかった不敵な日本人だったのではないか。しかも、その日本人はこゝに圓熟した老人となり、童兒たちの幼い生命のうごきを眺めながら、生活を禮讃する大悟心を生動させているのである。Yさんもしみじみした口調で、――そう、若くてはやれる仕事ではないよねえと言った。

食事がすんで横椅子にくつろぐと、Yさんは浮世繪や昔日自作の寫眞水彩作品などをみせて過してくれたが、やっぱり話は雪舟にもどった。セザンヌの小品が、パリー・ルーヴルの競賣で九萬ドルをこえたのも先達のことなので、――いくらぐらいなら手放す氣ですときいてみた。Yさんは、――白人達がレムブラント級の作品だと知らないんだから、どうにもならないさ、一萬ドル以上はぜったい駄目だねと答え、――鳥羽僧正の繪卷を持ってきたって、誰が何萬ドルだすかねとつけ加えた。東洋への關心、究明、禮讃は、すでにゲエテの勞作にもエッケルマンとの會話抄にもうかがえるところであるが、フランス民主々義の擡頭にそつて、市民層間にまで高揚されるものとなった。だが、この民族的な價値交換による世界進歩の原則は、いまや、一方的な社會的政治的偏見の反動に阻まれ歪められ、または利用され無視されがちである。

Y夫人は猶太系なので、民族性やそれへの偏見には敏感なのかもしれない。日本人教會で雪舟の複製を居あわせた二世畫家に見せたときのことを話しだし、その人は何と言つたと思いますか、――[illegible]してから、――日本の藝術なんかには興味がないと言うのですよ。雪舟に對して日系人畫家がそう言うのですよと言つた[illegible]何かの[illegible]容にをもとめる[illegible]

日系人が日本の傳統をはこらないでいて、どうして偏見が破れませうか、どう思いますかと言った。

日系人特有の諦觀――愚痴、排他性、仲間けなしが、實は奴隷的な小市民哲學であることを、心あるものは氣づきすぎている。要は、ひとりひとりが自己評價の感情にめざめ、年月をかけつゝ自己價値を蓄積し高揚させ、さらに社會化し普遍化すべく努力することであろう。たとえ紙一枚の努力でも、それだけ一方に、無智な偏見が退散するのを見ることができるではないか。

Y夫人にあらたまつてきかれると、その僅かな[illegible]にしかない自分がかえりみられたが、――たとえば、日本人北齋の偉大さを究め、英文の一書を世に問う。この意義は大。いだけに容易ではないが白人より、日系人がやったら、白人なみの御馳走を[illegible]いから[illegible]現するのも[illegible]こうした[illegible]はないですか[illegible]理窟かい[illegible]ないのです[illegible]れている役更[illegible]たことがいま一度かみしめ[illegible]言いあらわしてみたい氣持であった。

春雪の道　八島太郎作



（[illegible]——一九三九年、淡彩素描、ペン）

秋の海

嘉納[illegible]

秋のうみ潮に染むる落日い[illegible]
息づく如しわれ砂にゐる
鴎らは倦めるがごとく波の[illegible]
小さきか[illegible]
の手に[illegible]
かかる日、我に[illegible]
むちつか[illegible]
と香を持[illegible]
トーイフンド[illegible]

冬日窓

登美

[illegible]

上に　浮みたるまま久しく
飛ばす
夕潮に流るる島の移りゆき
やがて水深く沈き一見ゆす
遠き日に先生を迎へ申しき
と　經し幾年を指折りかぞ
へつ
水底よりうかびくる露の夕
[illegible]いろ　ひとりの黙さへし
めにけり

ニューカナデアン

クリスマス新年特別號（第一部）

書きそめ

井手小四郎

元旦は希望の日である。希望は總決算、つまり自已反省とその整理から生れる。ものを書くということも、またこの整理である。頭の中に混亂し、ぼんやりとあるものを調整して、はっきりと形を作ることである。

書いたものを發表するしないは別個のことのようだが、人さまの前に提示することはそれだけ眞劍にならずに居られないし、うやむやのごまかしはできない。書いたものに對して時には、白い眼で視られることもあるが、廣い世の中には、どこかに人の眼が光っていて、思いがけない知已を得たり、激勵されたり指導されることもあって、これは大變に強い力づけとなるものである。ところが前に自分が書いたものに嫌惡を感じる時があるものである。併しそれは自分が、いくらか進歩し成長する時であるように思われる。自已嫌惡は自已反省を促し、反省は整理を完了するが、やがてまた自己嫌惡——反省——整理という順序で不斷に繰返すことによって、ほんの少しづつでも自分が成長して行くようである。そこに飛躍はない。飛躍のように見える場合もあるが、仔細に調ぶれば、そこには筋が通って居り、順を追うているのである。

科學が素晴らしく發達して一般化するにひきかえ、何と思想方面の進歩のおそいことか。これは吾々勤勞者階級が生活の向上に資するために有用な實生活の經驗の教訓以外に、讀書とか、思索とかの時間や資力がなく、また例えあったにしろ身体の疲勞などのため、それを果すことができないせいであろう。今度の日本の總選擧の結果をみて、それがしみじみと情なく感ぜられた。それは絶望に近いものであった。しかし私らはそれに絶望することは間違いであり、敗北者になり終ることである。選擧に際して、金の力や街のボスの力や、政治の中にまで義理、人情を強いたり、強いられたりする日本人の弱さや舊習は、徐々にではあるが、とりのぞかれ改められつつあるのだろうか。併し、破防法反對運動やメーデー、五・三〇事件等が從んであっただけ裏切られたような感じはどうすることもできなかった。しかも支配階級にはあらゆる宣傳機關が完備している。これに乗ぜられる人は、心からそれを過信しているので始末が惡い。これは見聞を一方的にするからである。

それに就て、清濁併せ呑むという言葉を引き合いに出して見よう。これは嫌いな言葉だが、ある物事に對する場合一應は取り上げてみてよいのではないかと思う。なぜなら呑んでみて始めて清と思うものが濁であったり、濁と思うものが清であったりすることがあるからである。よほど心の練られた人でなければ喰わず嫌い、つまり呑まず嫌いがあるのだから、一度は清濁合せ呑んでみなければ清だか濁だか見分ける見識は得られない。此の際肝要なことは、清と思って呑んでみて濁であった場合、吐瀉すべきは當然だし、ダクをダクとして意識して呑むことは、權謀術數に明け暮れる政治家や惡德實業家の類と同様に、不正に陥沒する。

このことは日本の選擧や、ニュースの聞き分けの場合にもあてはまる。

新年の言葉

エミ生

時は還って又も近く新年を迎えることになりました。顧みて一年の間に四季の回りがあり、その間に喜憂交々の出來事がありましたが、大局より見れば生死さえも善ならざるは無く、すべての事が錯綜しつつも益となりました。青葉の夏、紅葉の秋、雪の冬も考え來れば一つとして感謝に價せざるものはありませんでした。

日落れて四方の暗きを嘆ずる彼方に、新郎が祝いの殿を上る日出の喜びがあり、涙で蒔いては喜びで刈り、失望の後ろには希望の輝きがありました。

泣く者とは共に泣き、喜ぶ者とは共に歡び、墓の彼方にも凱歌の調べをきき、流轉の世にあって、自然と共に人と共に、小止みなき生命の道を流れる水の音をきき、人の行末に思いをやりつつ辿って來ることが出來ました。

會うた者とは常に別れ、生れた者は必ず死するの悲しみはありますが、かゝる時にもキップリングと共に『自分は常に互に愛していた、その如く今も相愛し、後の世にも變りなく愛して行く』事に心の緒をつないで、やがて相見る日の喜びを待つことが出來ます。

人の世には戰いがあり、惱みがある。されど天地の創造はその悉くが喜であります。其の理を心に認めて雄々しく進むことの出來る者には、やがて得らるべき勝利の榮冠が暗雲の彼方に閃きをなしつつあるを見ることが出來ませう。

年は改まり、歳は過ぎて行く。人は生れ人は死し、國は興り國は亡んで行く。されど人間の生涯は淀みなく日に時に彼方へ彼方へと生命の一路を、見えざる手に押され導かれて行進しつゝあります。

私達は此の手の動く所に心の目を見開き、その手の導くところに日毎の生を打ちまかせつつ、再び回り來る年の坂を越え、希望と歡喜のうちに新らしき年を迎えたいと思います。

御題

青葉會同人

日の御旗揭げて船出や御代の春　芳翠

初凪に希望を乗せて船出かな　菜子

國産の荷豊かに初出船　峰月

東海に初日輝く出船哉　恵

初東風に望み大きく出船かな　紅月

國の幸積んだ初日の船出かな　若子

東西を結ぶ平和の初船出　みどり

初日浴び埠頭賑ふ船出かな　潤野

大漁期し飾りつけしまゝ船出　孤葉

テープ今切つて靜々初船出　光枝

新造船海を睥して初出帆　春雨

ウイニペッグの姿

佐藤信次

ウイニペッグ市の心臓部をなす商業區域は常にアッソ・クー・デートの装いをこらして人の好奇心を刺激しつつ、東西に走るポーテージ街とこれに直角に交叉する、數段落ちた裝いの古色をたゝえたメーン街の二つである。これらを中心として市街は急激な速度で郊外に發展しつゝある。

この邊は僅か一世紀前まではバファローが横行して居つた無人の曠野に等しかつたという。僅に七八十年の間に平原州最大の都市に成長した事實や、そうした近代都市にふさわしからぬ近代都市計畫を無視した街路の、極めて不規則な點等は、私がこの街に一歩を入れた時から私の注意を引いたものであつた。然し歴史の探査はそうした疑問を次第に解明してくれた。

酷暑と極寒とでその開發策に手こずつて居つた政府は、これを移民の手にゆだねることにした。そして中南北歐、東歐、近東、スカンジナビャ等から盛んに移民を移植したのである。

彼等は地質學的に世界最良の沃土と折紙つきのレッド・リヴアー沿岸の開拓にあたつた。彼等のパイオニーア的苦鬪はまたたく間にマニトバ州をカナダ有數の農業州と化したのである。これと共に當然農業集散地の必要が起り、ウイニペッグがこれに當るようになつたことも極めて合理的であつた。交通機關の不備な當時は、レッド、アッセナボイン兩河の水路が利用されたことは極めて自然であつた。夏季は船、冬期は氷結した河上が最良の通路であつて、この二河の交叉點にウイニペッグ市が成長したのも自然な過程であつた。こうした當時のことをカナダの有名な詩人は『レッド河航行者』の中で歌つているが、今ではあの詩の中の情緒は近代文化の荒浪に跡片もなく洗い去られてしまつた。街路の如きもこの二つの河を基準として發達したのであつて、近代都市計畫などはその當時は考にられなかつたのである。

こうした農産物集散地として發足したウイニペッグ市は第一第二大戰を經て國際關係の變遷とカナダの國際的地位の急激に推されて次第に大工業都市と變化しつつある。それと共に、共産主義と自由國家群間の險悪なる空氣に刺激されて北極圏航空路の軍事的意義が重大視され、米加の軍事協定などの結果、軍事、國防上からもウイニペッグは重要な地點となつた。地上交通の點でもカナダの中央部にあるウイニペッグ市は、東西南北への重要な關門であつて、シーピー、シーエヌ兩線のヤードの廣大さからいうと北米大陸第一といわれるまでに發展しているのである。

人口三十万に膨脹したウイニペッグ市の住民層をみるならばアングロ・サクソン系の極めて少いことに氣付くであろう。ヨーロッパのあらゆる人種、黒人、支那人、それに太平洋戰爭によつて送りこまれた日系人も加わり、入りみだれて渦を卷いている感じがある。パイオニーア時代を過ぎた先住々民は今は建設期にあつて、あらゆる部門に強固な地盤をかため、政治的には市會や州議會にジュー、ユクレニアン、アイスランデック等の少數民族まで代表を出すようになつている。

こうした新興都市の通例にもれず住民層の中で知識階級と一般庶民との差は、その質と量との上で極めて大きなものがある。私が常に接觸して居る勞働階級をみても彼等は如何に近代的常識に欠けているかに氣付く。私はしばしば勞働組合に反對する勞働者に會つて驚かされるのであるがウイニペッグ市が賃金率に於て生活費指數において最近までカナダ都市中で最低の地位にあつたことも、なるほどとうなずかされる次第である。

何がそうさせたか。私は當地における勞働運動の過去の行き方にその責任の大半を負わせても差支ないと思う。アメリカ勞働總同盟下にあるカナダ勞働會議は本部の傳統的勞働貴族主義の流れをくんで熟練工以外の勞働者の組織を輕視して居るらしく、當地においても重視されなければならなかつた農業勞働者、農産物關係勞働者、グレーン・エレベーター關係勞働者の組織に手をのばさなかつたところに因するといつても過言ではあるまいと思う。然し最近シーアイオー系のシーシーエルがこの方面の組織運動に拍車をかけて奮闘しだしてから急速な改革が行われつつある。

概して勞働大衆の無知と生活の窮乏は共産主義の食いこむ最良の條件である。當地の人は無關心のようだがヨーロッパ方面には當市が北米大陸における共産主義者の温床の地として有名になつているのは理由のないことではない。かつては州議會に又市會には今年まで自他共に許す共産主義者が坐つていた。大戰當時戰時法下の壓迫におされて共産代議士は地下にもぐつた。カナダ共産黨の首領ティム・バック氏もウイニペッグ市とは密接な關係にあつた様だ。市のノース・エンドは共産黨の地盤であつて、彼等の主義に對する忠節は殆ど宗教的域にあるもの丶如く、選擧の時には殆ど完全に近い程に選擧權を利用するのである。

特殊な社會情勢は特殊な指導者を産むものだ。カナダの大衆のために一生を消耗しつくした政界の聖者、そしてシーシーエフの産みの親故ウッヅウォース氏も當地が産んだウ氏は曾ては當市のグレース教會を牧していた人である。現オタワ議會代議士でシーシーエフの有力なる指導者の一人であるノールス氏もまた當市の出身で、元はスラム區域でマクレン教會を牧していた人。私達の移動した當時の市長もまた同黨に屬するクイーン氏であつた。

移動して十年の歳月は流れた。住めば都という言葉は古いが、その眞實性は新しい。私は美しかつたビーシー州の自然に今はあまり誘惑を感じない。その反對に殺風景であつたマニトバとマニトバの人文に愛着を感ずるようになつた。こんとんとした異人種の渦巻くウイニペッグ。思想的には右翼から最左翼まで不統一に沸湯している様な社會。こうした現實に私の興味は引きつけられる。何故であろうか。私が日本の學校に居つた當時の動物學の教師は數さんをとりながらミミズの研究を續けて博士論文を書いて居つた。彼は言う――ミミズのような原形動物の研究は極めて興味が深い。それは將來如何に進化するか未知數に居するからだ。昆虫類のようにすべての機關が完成されたものはもはや進化の餘地がない、と。

文化的に未知數に居するウイニペッグ市への私の興味もまたそうした意味を多分に持つ。（十二月六日、ジェネラル病院にて）

アルバタ學園々歌

（作者）青木定義

（一）

八重潮めぐる敷島の
大和心を人問はゞ
朝日に匂ふ櫻花
その考しき心もて
仁愛正義の節高く
この學び舎に歌へかし

（二）

ロッキイ山嶺西に見て
誰しも知らぬアルバタの
この大廣野に建設の
加奈陀の理想胸にして
獨立自由の聲高く
この學び舍に歌へかし

家 日本と西洋と

ポートドーバー 日奈津

西洋では社會の單位が個人本位であるから、個人の獨立とともに、生活もそれに伴うことが必要になる。從つて建物は單に人間の住む都合からの存在である。住宅でも無數に「貸間」の設備がしてあるのも、その要求からである。

住家は住居のための建物即ちビルデングであつて、其處には先祖傳來の意味もなければ、精神的な内容もない。

從つて子供に傳うべき家のあるべき筈もなく、結婚後子供が兩親と同居することなど異例である。

一家を構成する夫婦に於ても一心同体のそれでなく、二つの個人の結合にすぎぬのは夫妻を「一對」と呼ぶのでも知られる。だから夫妻は一体ではなく、妻はやはりベターハーフで、飽くまで半分の存在である。

日本では、特に田舍では、家は單なるビルデングではなく、一本の柱、一枚の瓦も、みな祖先の子孫を思う熱愛の結晶であり遺物である。

家族は單なる個人の集合でなく、一軒の家に融合統制された血縁につながる精神的連結であるから、家庭——ホームということは、日本に於てはじめて言えることである。

冬の猫

淡水

ストップサイン夜寒の顔のならびけり

おもちや屋のおもちやにまぎれ冬の猫

冬の移居さびしさもなし街の人

三才の智慧かたむけて雪だるま

クリスマス間近く子らのめざめよく

新串本節

バーノン 文左エ門

みかん揚げて小麥を積込み

晩香坡船川すは日の丸の旗

卯廻れば波も靜かに

左舷舳先に戀し串木

人は正直親切なれば

辛い世間も丸く行く

日の岬の燈台御坊の畑

ここは紀州路なつかしや

櫻にほれても梅にはほれぬ

梅に鶯來て止まる

笠をかぶつて田の草唄も

ショラさん好きな串本節

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

大橋松次郎
214 Broadview Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone RI. 1491

西村三之助 ひろ 家族一同
29 O'Hara Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone LL. 0663

大堀渡 家族一同
517 Brock Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 5717

大橋清太郎 きわ 清造
22 Mountray Street Toronto, Ont. Phone KE. 2012

小田英夫 君江 英明 英司
212 Augusta Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone TR. 1981

柔道着仕立
尾本光子 家族一同
153 Madison Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone PR. 3596

佐々木周二 家族一同
136 Oak Park Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone OX. 2073

坂本忠義 家族一同
22 Albemarle Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone GE. 7480

佐田稲次 マツ 家族一同
75 Bellwood Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone TR. 1704

志賀光藏 靜子 家族一同
61 Wright Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone LA. 6347

清水宗一郎 マツノ
30 Fulton Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone GE. 9362

清水浅人 靜子 シャレー
514 Carlaw Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone GE. 4905

白川頼一 佐喜枝 ミニ 賢 叙
225 Sherbourne Street Toronto 2, Ont. Phone RA. 9372

澁谷清 壽子 家族一同
121 Wilson Ave. Toronto 12, Ont. Phone MA. 8121

春原(スノハラ)順 美井 家族一同
J. SUNOHARA
159 Sunnyside Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone LL. 5010

玉根俊 家族一同
232 Bowood Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone HY. 8717

高江洲カネル
33 Madelaine Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone OX. 7042

竹中宇三郎 ハル 仁市 綾子
51 Henry Street Toronto, Ont. Phone KI. 9580

高田森吉 カセ 家族一同
2105 Davenport Road Toronto, Ont. Phone RO. 3932

高橋タニ
18 Hunter Street Toronto, Ont. Phone RI. 2259

常盤政治 家族一同
3 Southview Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 1227

戸栗時三 登美枝 榮三 家族一同
34 Prust Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone GL. 8450

富山賢造 信
281 Dundas Street West Toronto, Ont. Phone WA. 6423

辻本晋藏 家族一同
223½ Brock Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone LO. 0810

賀正
辻龍太郎 家族一同
30 Mitchell Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 3-4418

田中刺繍實習所
田中ユノ 生徒一同
96 Vanauley Street Toronto, Ont.

高橋スガ
Hideo TAKAHASHI
Akira TAKAHASHI
Toshio TAKAHASHI
Haruko TAKAHASHI
11 Playter Crescent Toronto, Ont. Phone RI. 4961

山村政喜 スミ
22 Geneva Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone ML. 7289

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
井手上九右衛門 家族一同
88 Dearbourne Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone GL. 5580

喪中に付年末年始の禮を缺く
非頭京一 彰子 家族一同
35 Wallace Ave. Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 4428

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
齋藤健 家族一同
54 Simpson Ave. Toronto 6, Ont. Phone RI. 5318

喪中に付き年末年始の禮を缺きます
内田一作 フデ子
761 Dovercourt Road Toronto, Ont.

カナダ第二大戦の秘話

千九百五十二年三月十一日、オタワ下院議會でニュウ・ブランズウィック州選出ライリー議員が行つた質問演説中にちよつと一言觸れたのがきつかけとなり、第二大戦中にドイツのスパイがカナダに上陸した事件の全貌が、時ならずも明るみに出された。記者が集めた資料からこの事件を筋書的に綴つて見よう。（森）

一九四二年五月、ドイツの一潜水艦がポッカリとカナダ大西洋岸のニュー・ブランズウィック州サモン河沖に浮びあがつた。デッキではヤセ型で長身のドイツ青年が將校の軍服を脱いで洋服に着替えた。彼のドイツ名はマウンテーの記録の中にあるだけで誰一人として知る者はない。

この潜水艦の艦長は洋服の青年にカナダの二弗札十二枚と米五十弗札で七千弗の札束と同時にレジストレーションカード（登録カード）を手渡し送受信できるラジオ・ツランスミターを入れたスーツケースを與えた。小さいロー・ボートに乗り移つたドイツ青年は、もはや姿をかくした潜水艦をふり向きもしないで崖の高いビーチに上陸した。敵地に侵入したわけである。

彼の登録カードには、アルフレッド・ハスキンスという名前が記入され、住所はトロント市ヤング街一八二〇となつていた。ところがヤング街の番号が間違つていることを彼は認めたのである。ハスキンスというドイツのスパイは一九二八年から一九三二年の五ケ年間をカナダで生活し、トロントをもよく知つた男であつたから誤字を認めたのだ。

ハスキンスと自称したこのスパイは、ちようど二年と五ケ月間にわたつて？少しはクセがあつたが流暢な英語と物軟かい態度で友達をつくり、全くカナダ人となりすましてカナダの首都オタワで誰からも疑いをかけられずに悠々と生活してきたのであつた。

風變りというのは他ではない。ハスキンスはドイツが送つた優秀なるスパイの一人で

なぜ彼はスパイしなかつたか？

あるにも拘らず、上陸以来一度だつてカナダの情報をドイツに密報しなかつたということなのだ。

ハスキンスがカナダに上陸してから、セント・ジョンの某ホテルに止宿したのち、五十弗米札で靴下と腕時計を買うことに成功した。當時は外國爲替管理法のため米札を一定以上所持することは出來ないときであつた。ついで彼は折柄進行中の赤十字寄附金募集に寄附して受取を貰つた。この受取證がのちほど彼のために役立つとは思いもよらなかつたところである。

ハスキンスはそれから汽車でモントリオールに到着、市内の繁華街セント・キャサリン通りの某ルーミング・ハウスに身をかくし、歓樂の夜を樂しもうとしたが、所持金は米弗札ばかりでカナダ貨に換えることは極めて困難であることを經驗した。しかし彼は食わずにいるわけには行かず、思い切つてある日、銀行に米弗札を持つて行き、カナダ貨を買い受けようとしたところ身許證明書を出してほしいといわれて當惑した。ヤング街の間違つた番號の登録カードを示して疑いをかけられては困ると思案した揚句、例の赤十字の寄附受取をおそるおそる出して見せると、何のことなく快よくカナダ札を得ることが出來たのでホッとした。

そのうちハスキンスはモントリオールの怪しげな區域に立入つて米弗札をたやすく換えることを教えられてから、それこそ始終出入りするようになつたが、あるとき、その區域の彼の女狩りのアミに一緒にひつかかつた。罰金を拂つて自由となることは出來たが、正体がバクロされることを恐れてハスキンスは首都オタワへさ[illegible]落着いた。その頃のオタワは全く戰時色の濃厚な街で、連合各國の軍人や政治家が入り亂れていた。スパイするにはまさに好條件の街であつたが、ハスキンスはスパイ活動は少しもせず、持金をおしげもなくバラまき多くの友達を作り、飲み、談笑することに日を過していた。彼を知る人は何れも彼は全くのゼントルマンであると評していた。

しかし、一九四四年の十月二十九日、この日ハスキンスは所持金のあるつきりを使い果して文字通り一文無しとなつたのだ。それで潔よくオタワのマウンテーに自首して出た。マウンテーは最初は彼の自供を信用しなかつたが、彼がかくしたというラジオ装置のスーツケースを發見したことによつて彼がドイツのスパイだという證言を信じるに至つた。そのラジオ装置は一度も使用された形跡はないことも明らかであつた。

ハスキンスはカナダに大きな愛着を感じて、生命がけでスパイしようという氣持ちは少しもなかつたと述懐したが、ともかく彼はインターンされ終戰後はドイツに送還された。彼にとつて『カナダをスパイする』任務は實に愉快なものであつたのだ。ハスキンスの他にもう一人ウーナー・ジャンスキーというドイツスパイ（彼はマウンテーに逮捕された）が二人ともカナダに潜入してからさつぱり情報を送つて來ないので、ドイツでは[illegible]う六名のスパイを送る計畫を[illegible]ため中止したということも戰後になつてわかつた。

話はこれで終るのであるが、ハスキンス事件が明るみに出ると、オタワで十カ月間も彼を止宿者として世話した佛系カナダ人の家庭ではこれを知つてビックリした。まさかあの物靜かで金使いのきれいな青年がドイツスパイだつたとは夢にも思わぬところであつた。しかし、彼は何一つスパイの仕事をしなかつたということがわかつたのでやれやれと思つた。そしてその家族は彼をドイツからカナダへ引き戻したいとマウンテーに願つた。

しかし、マウンテーは彼がいまどこにいるかの情報を與えることは出來なかつた。彼が消えるように止宿先から姿をかくしたことの疑問は、マウンテーの説明によつて解けたが、それだけに止宿していた家の娘たちはバース・デーを忘れずに贈物をくれたハスキンスをなつかしく思う氣持も一きわ深いものがあつた。

pan, like Britain, must look to Canada as a market for articles of intensive manufacture, where the value added by labor is relatively high. Without that market, her ability to import basic materials such as wheat, barley and wood pulp from Canada will be impaired.

This characteristic of intensive manufacture has been typical of the bulk of Japanese imports into Canada. Small wares of iron and steel, pottery and chinaware, clothing, silk piece goods, toys and sporting goods, consumer merchandise of all kinds, comprise the chief classes of commodities we buy from Japan.

Canadian manufacturers, as is well known, are trigger-quick to raise violent objections whenever they meet competition from "made in Japan" goods, and their objections are usually highly charged with emotion. Recent typical cases were the protests against the import of cotton

MIKANS

(Cont'd from P. [illegible])

piece goods, with the [illegible] that imports of these articles dropped from well over [illegible] in [illegible] to only $273,000 in 1951.

But there now appears to be increasing official recognition that trade must flow in two directions if it is to be sustained and increased. Certainly Japan is likely to provide a valuable market only so long as Canada is prepared to take goods from Japan.

When Prime Minister St. Laurent was travelling in the west recently, he took the occasion to say that Canada must be prepared to buy its "full share" of goods from Asia.

He told an audience in Victoria, B. C., that "it was in the best interests of democracy" that the trading position of Asiatic countries be strengthened.

* * *

Western Canada, of course, is likely to agree very quickly with the Prime Minister. Not only because of its international implications, but also because it is in the western provinces that the chief exports to Japan are produced.

In 1951 exports to Japan totalled $72,796,000. Wheat, wood pulp, barley, whiskey and flax seed, in that order, accounted for over 80 per cent of the total. Except for the whiskey, these are mainly products of the west.

Thus far since the end of the war Japan has been able to buy in Canada chiefly because of her earnings of American dollars. These have been earned, of course, chiefly as a result of the Occupation and the war in Korea. But when these things have both come to a genuine end, as we all fervently hope they will, a new alignment of Japan's international trade position will be necessary.

Perhap the Prime Minister can make the same kind of appeal in the manufacturing centres of central Canada, where it is more greatly needed. And perhaps many more Canadians might cultivate a taste for "mikans" and "shoyu", if not for squid and "sake".

TEENAGER

(cont'd from P. 1)

agers staying out late, drinking, smoking, petting or necking? Lucy thinks that teenagers, those who are still in school, shouldn't drink and she doesn't like girls to smoke, but doesn't mind boys smoking. About petting, definitely not; but necking, perhaps in certain places, but not in public.

Lucy is a girl who works hard, distributes her energy in the right proportions for various activities, and feels the happiest when she gets along fine with people, for she is aware of her needs as well as those of others. Nisei like Lucy gives us a feeling of security and confidence that the leaders of tomorrow are in the making today.

Streetcar Episode

By JACK NAKAMOTO

As Mrs. Kawasaki was about to pass by, Larry Ono stood up to offer her a seat. She thanked him, accepting it and they exchanged some generalities on the weather and the crowded streetcar in which they were riding. And when the passenger sitting next to her had left, the Nisei sat down and after introducing each other, she advised him to call her Ann, her first name.

When Larry mentioned that he had been on an eight-to-four shift in a foundry for the last two months, Ann said, "It's funny I didn't see you until the other day when I lost my balance and accidentally bumped into you."

"I've seen you practically every other day on this route," chuckled Larry.

"I guess I'm too tired to notice anybody after a day's work," Ann admitted.

"We're typical city people, I think. In a city we don't give a hoot about our neighbours and don't even get to know them till something happens to bring us together. Now, if you hadn't bumped into me, I don't think I'd have given you a seat."

"You mean you're not a gentleman enough to give a seat to a woman?" Ann asked smilingly.

"No. Depends, I guess. Certainly not to a high school kid. For an old woman, I would, but you're young, able and beaut . . ."

"Tut, tut," whispered Ann. "I'm young and able, yes, but tired, too. Why did you give me a seat then?"

"Because you looked—well, because you looked so tired," Larry laughed. "You know I feel embarrassed to give a seat to a woman sometimes . . . with people watching me as if I did a strange thing."

When the streetcar neared Hobson Street, Larry got up and left, bidding Ann goodbye.

* * *

The following day, Ann and Larry met again.

"I guess I'll go to Montreal for ten days and celebrate. I'll get drunk and stay drunk. That's the way I'll celebrate Christmas and New Year's," said Larry.

"Get drunk? Why that's awful! Christmas is really for children, I think. They believe in Santa Claus and it's a thrill for them to receive presents. As long as I see my children happy, then it makes me happy, too. That's my version of spending Christmas holidays."

"Kids are O.K., I guess, but they'll find out someday there's no such a person as Santa Claus. Psychologists say that they must be given a sense of reality."

"I think they make too much of the meaning behind Christmas. In fact, it's so deep that it can be understood only by the simple mind. Children unquestioningly accept Christmas for what it is," said Ann and asked, "What about Christmas spirit, do you believe in it?"

"I ride with a lot of these people here, see them often, but we don't say so much as a 'hello' to each other. Our working days certainly would be easier if we could chat on the way to work and back. I think that's Christmas spirit. We could be good neighbours anywhere—on a streetcar, at work and so on."

"I guess we're only human. Like most people we just talk about it," said Ann.

"We're being good neighbours, aren't we?" Larry smiled.

* * *

Days went by with Ann and Larry sitting together and chatting pleasantly on the way home; there were also a few days when they missed each other.

* * *

Two days before Christmas, Ann got on the crowded streetcar and found Larry standing and holding on to the vertical bar. She edged her way to him.

"Excuse me, I'm really loaded with Christmas spirits," he said.

Ann thought at first that he was being sarcastic, but she soon realized what he had meant as her nose caught a whiff of liquor and she saw his highly colored face.

At last, the long silence was broken when Ann told him the car was approaching Hobson Street. Larry left her and pressed ahead unsteadily toward the exit.

"Getting drunk is an insult to the occasion celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ; in fact, I can't understand why he drinks at all. He could be so pleasant—without a drop of alcohol in his system," Ann thought.

* * *

Knowing that it was the day before Christmas, Ann hoped that she would be able to give Larry her best wishes for the holidays. She remembered that she would not be seeing him after Christmas since he would be on a four-to-twelve shift.

Ann looked around the jam-packed streetcar, but couldn't see him in the crowd. When the streetcar came to Hobson Street stop, she craned her neck and peered toward the exits and out of the window but there was still no sign of Larry.

She was thinking, "Maybe I'm crazy to have expected him—a young man who is probably six or seven years younger than I—to wish me, a married woman at that, a Merry Christmas. But he said that people should be good neighbours even on a streetcar. Oh well, why should I expect a young man to keep to his word? Maybe he's drunk at the foundry. Maybe he's ashamed to face me after being drunk yesterday. Maybe he's . . ."

Then Ann felt somebody tap her shoulder. When she looked around her heart began to pound with joy! It was Larry!

"With all this mob I couldn't get near you, Ann. Hey, d'you know something? I'm going to play Santa Claus to your Diane and Bill," Larry said excitedly as he lifted the bundles from under his arms.

"Thought I'd do it before I take a train for Montreal. And I borrowed Santa's outfit from the plant."

Her eyes moistened, the young widow remained silent, but happy that her children would have after all a Santa Claus as in past Christmases.

((today's nisei student and his responsibility

By MASASHI KAWASAKI

Intellectuals are seldom found among street cleaners—they are equally a scarcity among college students. And while the brilliant student is only interested in getting ahead, the mass must rely on him for leadership. No doubt, the former student will be equipped to fulfill his tasks. We realize, however, that we lack men of professional and technical know-how who are endowed with what we call a serious moral outlook, and we understand that such a guidance is needed. We are suffering from an incongruity between technological advance and moral development.

How often do we hear such remarks as "We're living too fast—technological advances have far outmoded our established moral outlook," or "The strides made in scientific advancements have left moral development in the dust".

Such a guidance is needed and indeed, these points have been belabored by clergymen, doctors, lawyers, scientists and educationists. On this basis, a reconciliation between the spiritual and the scientific is the only lasting answer to the universal harmony and congruity in our society.

This responsibility has long been recognized by students in democratic and even in oppressed parts of the world. This is evident in form of armed protests for the injustices occuring in their surroundings. We, as Canadians, are not concerned with such robust activities of our European and Asiatic counterparts. We do things peacefully. The contest, however, by "bignoise" ought to be a novel one in our soils, and is a probability when necessity calls for it.

There is a realization that diplomas, certificates, and university degrees are by no means proof of a ratiocinating, reflecting and well-rounded outlook of a graduate of the problems in this world. If such were the panacea for world problems, the enrollment of institutions for higher learning will have burst its seams long ago.

The student graduates, fulfilling the minimum standards for factual and practical learning but his spiritual learning is left untouched, untapped—to put it shortly, left to his own way of thinking. Following the old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention", if one cannot find motivation for a keen interest in subjects such as international and national affairs, philosophy and religion, one will not pursue a course of action to grasp such ideals.

To give an example, let us view the medical profession. The physician must be a skilled technician, but he must be more if he is to be a successful pratitioner. His non-medical advice, his moral opinions, his intellectual outlook are called upon to no small extent. He realizes that, because of the immensity of facts which he must learn, he is more or less limited and denied the advantage in his training of what are called the social sciences. It stands to reason that he is all the more vulnerable to the adoption of a narrow outlook confined solely to his profession. The very nature of it makes it necessary for an intimate non-medical contact with his patients. How he chooses to utilize this relation is only too important.

Therefore he (as well as other Nisei students across Canada) should do well to retread his steps to evaluate whether he will be capable for the leadership depended upon in moral and spiritual outlook of the next generation. He should be prepared so that when he is called, he will be ready.

This is a responsibility, not only as a Nisei to his parents who have sacrificed their monetary and social happiness so that he may not suffer the hardships that they encountered due to lack of education, but also to the preservation and advancement of his democratic state.





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SECTION TWO

The New Canadian

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

VOL. 15 — NO. 100 | TORONTO, ONT. | WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1952

The Saturnalia & Christmas

By SUE SADA

Of Ancient Rome and the Eternal City, Of Time Yesterday and Today

This story doesn't pretend to be historical in the sense that I'm going to reproduce the sights and sounds of Rome in the days of the first Caesars; or that I'm going to reproduce the way they used to talk in Latin; or even that I'm going to be accurate in recording customs, costumes, or traffic problems of that day, or even social niceties. If you read enough ancient history you'll get a fair idea of what life was like in those days. I don't have to tell you. Anyway how I'm going to tell this story is secondary to what I want to say through the mouths of my characters.

If you've ever seen pictures of ancient Roman homes, you'll notice they have a sort of inner court, with what looks nowadays like a swimming pool, in the centre. The ladies of the household weren't allowed to mix too freely with the gentlemen, but there were times and places when they could get together for a nice cosy little chat. Who knows, but this indoor water-tank, or whatever it was, could have been one of those places, where a father and a daughter could have a heart-to-heart talk without all the servants listening in, where a casual man-guest couldn't barge in without permission.

That's where I'm beginning my story.

* * *

Claudia is a young Roman girl, average type, well-brought-up, engaged to get married, and all that sort of thing. Her Papa also is the average type, not handsome, not ugly, not stupid, but not brilliant, not a coward and definitely not a hero. He's got enough to maintain that bath-affair in the inner court, plus several bona fide servants of the higher type (Greeks you know, were the style then) and quite a number of slaves of all shapes, sizes, and ages, not overlooking the he's and she's. They really had a few more slaves than they could afford, but Claudia, having a soft heart, and her father having a softer one, didn't like separating little families, even slave families. Well, little families have a way of growing up. However, they did okay. Those that were old enough, or smart enough, found ways of bringing in a few denarii for their amiable master, so that the whole household lived peaceably.

This particular day, however, Claudia looks worried. She has her father worried, too. Just listen to them:

"But Papa, I don't want to go to the country this year. Honestly, it's no better in the country than it is here in town! Those people that get drunk with the carnival spirit are just as bad there as here. I'll grant you there are more of them in town . . . and that Marcus of mine is such a ninny, he's pledged himself to be in the procession!"

"Jupiter take that boy, anyway! Drinkers! Carousers! Rioters! Imbeciles! The whole lot of them! Is that the way for a decent young boy to act just because it's the Feast of Saturn? Why, in the old days . . . "

"Now Papa, don't get excited . . . the old days! indeed . . . I'll bet you were just as bad as any of them . . . "

Papa is getting worked up, like all fathers do when they love their only daughter and wild customs of the day scare him into a feeble attempt of protecting his lone chick from the Bacchanalian antics of the carnival mobs celebrating the Saturnalia, feast of the seed-sowing, which had by that time degenerated into a licentious, seven-day brawl when a decent citizen just wasn't safe at all from the drunken crowds that weaved from house to house, assaulting and battering anyone they pleased.

Papa wants to hide Claudia somewhere for that carnival week, but he doesn't know where. That makes him frantic. His toga or tunic or whatever Romans wore in the house in those days, is all crumpled up because he's fidgetty and can't sit still. Claudia, lovely girl, looks a lot cooler and neater, but you could see her biting her lip somewhat. She's got something to say but she doesn't know how Papa's going to take it. She's got a finger twisted into a curl of her hair and it turns this way and that way while she figures out the right approach.

"Papa, can I go with Viola for the week?"

"Eh? What's that? I thought you didn't want to go!"

You should see Papa spin around and glare. Now he's going to pop a button, if he had a button to pop. He comes over to Claudia and catches her by the arm as if to shake her (woman are so contrary!) but Claudia is smart. She just snuggles up to Papa, until he forgets what he was going to yell.

"Aw Papa, I don't mean the country, I mean I want to go with Viola. She's got a place she says will guarantee not even Marcus will find me, not even for a teeny-weeny kiss. You know how she worries over me after Mama died."

"H'mm . . . you know Claudia, you get to be like your mother more and more. So you want to leave your old father, eh . . . for a week . . . tsk! tsk! Where'd you say you were going, huh?"

"I didn't say. Anyway, I don't know . . . but Viola says it's the best place ever, and I'd trust her more'n anyone else. You know that, Papa . . . "

"Viola . . . h'm . . . Viola . . . yes-m . . . Oh yes, Viola! That's right. Fine woman, that, even for a slave. Pity."

Papa was thinking. Viola was a slave, but you could depend on her with your life. She was that kind, and she was one of these new Christians. It was getting to be a topsy-turvy world when slaves had more character than their free masters. So many of these Christian type slaves, nowadays, that no amount of burning and killing in the arenas seemed to decrease them. In fact Papa would swear to it that some of his Roman friends were getting to act like these slaves. In fact, he sort of liked it himself . . . but of course, he was a Roman of Rome, and he wouldn't be anything else. Nossir. It was the proudest boast in the world to be a Roman of Rome. But then, the way some of the Romans were acting were a disgrace to their birth. They had no more character than slaves. Nope, that's not right. Viola's got character, and to spare. In fact, if she wasn't a slave she'd be a fine matron type . . . oh well.

"Now look here, Claudia, call Viola to me. I'll speak to her myself."

"Fine, Papa."

"Pronto, little one . . . "

Papa smacked Claudia where she was tender, and she laughed back at him as she scooted off to fetch Viola. Claudia felt gay and young and happy, because she knew that Viola would talk her father into letting her go.

* * *

Viola came in to face her master. She was a fine figure of a woman, as the saying goes, and she had the additional charm of being quite handsome in a Greek way, being descended from Greek slaves of an earlier era. She had the habit, too, of looking a man straight in the eye. That's a good sign, don't you think? No shenanigans there. Anyway, everytime Papa looks at her he gets the flutters, because he just can't rant away at her the way he does to Claudia and to some of the other slaves, or even as he did to his own valet. With Viola he has to talk sense. So, he sort of grins at her shyly, and starts off:

"Uh . . . Claudia was saying something about you . . . or rather about her going with you somewhere for the week of the Saturnalia. Mind telling me more about this? After all I'm her father and I really ought to know . . . " he trailed off weakly. Viola had such a way of calling a man a fool without saying a word!

"Master, I would never take Claudia without at first telling you all about it. I should have told you before I even mentioned it to the child, but you know how it is around this house. I never do see you very often, and Claudia, poor child, was so fretful about it that I had to reassure her on the spot. She remembers too well what happened last year, and it was just luck that Marcus happened to be with her and could ward off the other drunks that broke in. Master, that was horrible, and you know it."

Papa could feel the sweat rising on his head as he remembered the mob of drunks, all people he knew, acting like the worst characters he ever saw, just because it was the Saturnalia. Himself had pleaded his own health and had refrained from joining in, but his main purpose in staying home had been to protect, if he could, his own chick's safety. He knew that a lot of other fathers and brothers stayed home for the same reason. However, what can a man do when the emperor leads off in such wild rioting, eh? You had to choose between pleasing him and saving your women. Well, thank goodness Papa was such a nonentity that the great man didn't even know he existed.

"Uh, Viola . . . it's all right with me where you go just so you see that Claudia is safe. You know I can trust you."

"Thank you, Master. However I will tell you where we shall go, because I believe you will not betray me. We will go to that field outside of the city. There is a tomb there . . . "

"A tomb! Viola! What's this?"

"That tomb, Master, leads underground, and we have shelters there. Claudia will be safe."

Papa scratched his chin, and stared at Viola. Why was she telling him the secret of the Christians, for he was sure that was what it was? Viola gazed into his eyes unflinchingly, even with a smile. He smiled back because he sure liked her a lot. He thought of all the rumours he had heard about the Christians. How they worshipped some Jew that was hung like a criminal on a cross. Ugh! Imagine being strapped on a cross like that! Poor man. And they said He wasn't even a criminal, but was the Son of God. Which God he didn't know. Oh well, he heard that the Christians had only one God. That was an advantage, you know. Didn't get them all mixed up all the time. By Jupiter, there were too many gods in Rome, and as if there weren't enough they imported some from Egypt and some from Persia. Now they even said the emperor was a god and had to be worshipped. Fiddlesticks! Papa knew who that man was, knew the family he came from too. How could he be a god. A god ought to be better than the ordinary people. All of a sudden he felt an itch of curiosity. He shook his shoulders as if to get rid of the feeling. But it persisted, so he asked Viola, who was waiting patiently as all slaves have learned to wait:

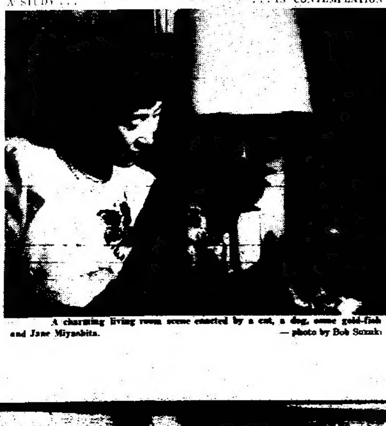
"What's it like down in the catacombs, eh?"

"Damp, and confining, Master, for you." She smiled again.

"Viola," he really grinned at her now, feeling more easy, "you are too smart for me. I just wanted to know. After all, I'm Claudia's father and I ought to . . . " And then he thought of something else. "Say! Viola! This time last year you disappeared out of sight a day or so. What happened to you?"

(Cont'd. on P. 13)

A STUDY . . .   . . . IN CONTEMPLATION



A charming living room scene enacted by a cat, a dog, some gold-fish and Jane Miyashita. — photo by Bob Suzuk

The Changing Times

By R. I.

Spirit of Niseis Have Changed Since Powell Street Days to Present Time Says the Writer

(In February, 1944, the following essay, entitled "My Unknown Country", was submitted as a requirement for Freshman English.)

Bruce Hutchison in his book, "The Unknown Country", dwells fondly and sentimentally on his favorite recollections of Canadian people and scenes. He talks of the loneliness of the prairies, the vigorousness of Canadian history, and the exciting names of Canada with an eloquent voice of one proclaiming a great discovery. "No one knows my country, neither the stranger nor its own sons."

Ah—we can sympathize with the surging emotions of Mr. Hutchison, for we too have felt some of these things in this land of ours. We have tramped through the deep silence of British Columbia woods. We have gazed in awe at the city of lights marking the gill-net fishing fleet at the mouth of the Skeena. We have watched in wonderment the golden wheat basking in the hot prairie sun as far as the eye could see. These are scenes of my unknown country.

Cambie Siding, Revelstoke, Sicamous, Calgary, Claresholm, Yokotoks, Yahk, Iron Springs, Picture Butte, Kaslo, Hope, Raymond, Taber, Regina, Dominion City, New Denver, Portage la Prairie, St. Pierre, Cedar Springs, Kapuskasing, Schreiber, Jackfish, Kings . . . names only" . . . but more than names to us for we have seen these places, and like Mr. Hutchison, we can reminisce affectionately of these places and we yearn to tell about them.

* * *

POWELL STREET

Powell Street of Vancouver, B. C., was much more than a street to a group of people, the Japanese Canadians, a few years ago. Only a street five blocks long filled with little shops on each side, but as one of their budding poets expressed it, it was their main street, dream street, wall street, park avenue, and for the Nisei, the second generation, it was the "nucleus of a grander scheme, of a better world to come." Not only did Japanese Canadians trod its busy thoroughfare, "Little Tokyo" as it was called by the city politicians, but also by white men, red men, black men and other yellow men. Now, that is of another age. For the Japanese Canadians it is a shred of memory dwindling to sentimental flashes of happy moments in troubled times.

On an ordinary day you could have stood on the corner of Powell and Dunlevy and watched the Powell streeters go by. Chaki, the fish-store owner, Jack the tall cop, Bill the postman, Mike the iceman, Kitamura of the cigar shop. And listened, too. The bustling of the people, the rattling of the No. 20 street car, the tooting of auto horns, the blaring of the eleven o'clock news, the chatter of the shopping housewives, the stomp of the latest jazz. And amid this Canadian atmosphere you could have caught whispers of another continent, not mysterious and menacing, but something to make life interesting. There was color and life in the fishy smell of the fish store displaying such Oriental tidbits as raw fish and octopus and in the amusing sight of prolonged bowing amid the backdrop of Canadian life.

Then the beginning of the end came. Starting on the first Sunday in December, there were three electrifying nights of blackout with warnings of possible bombings by a new foe across the Pacific. The Japanese Canadians talked of Canadian democracy and took assurance. But it was not to be that way. Into January the days marched and Japanese Canadians took to the streets less and less. Into February—and the curfew tolled its knell and Japanese Canadians hugged their homes from sunset to sunrise. Into March—and evacuees poured into Powell Street from all northern British Columbia and there was new life for a short time. Into April—and the men left. Into May—and the families began to pack and stores were boarded up. By October they were all gone and Powell Street was no more. Powell Street . . . there was only one and now it was gone. My Powell Street scene.

* * *

KASLO, B. C.

Kaslo in the interior B. C. in the Kootenay Valley was technically known as a ghost town that became a relocation centre for the Japanese Canadians But Kaslo was more than that for the evacuees. For a short time it became an anchor and a haven in a turbulent time. The evacuees loved Kaslo. Perhaps it was the spirit of "our town". Perhaps it was the hakujin people of Kaslo. Anyway, it was so.

Let us take you to the bluff behind the Bay and show you Kaslo. Kaslo spreads low and distinctly, from the farms inward to the mountains to the placid deep waters of the Kootenay Lake. There's the hospital . . . that red brick structure. Over there is where the doctor lives. Dr. Shimo is much respected by everyone. And that's the high school. Nisei students study there, too, Principal MacArthur has been most understanding.

We shift our eyes to cross the bridge and meet downtown Kaslo . . . buildings, stores, the Commission office, the hotel. Hidden by the hotel is The New Canadian office where I used to work. Swing back to the C.P.R. station . . . the boat house, the wharf, and the railway track shunting down to the water's edge. That's the road leading to Allsebrooke Camp. Over there between the dark shadows of the trees, the Kootnicraft building can be glimpsed. There's the Clinic and there's Vimy Park with its tennis courts, beaches, and a baseball diamond. And there's also the church.

The church is a lovely white church and on Sundays you could have heard the bells calling the people to worship. Inside its quiet walls the hakujin and the nihonjin came together in common worship to God.

There is a story told concerning one Japanese woman evacuee who came to church every Sunday. Before evacuation she had been a stranger to the church. She could not understand English no more than you and I could comprehend Hebrew. But now she sat there Sunday after Sunday a gray-haired Japanese woman. She listened, moved by the inspiring music of the hymns, and in their words, which she shaped with difficulty, she found lines for guidance and courage.

She joined the church at Easter and our blessing went to her for she was a good woman and had borne good sons who were now far away. My Kaslo scene.

* * *

There is much more to complete our picture.

But an urgent message must be brought to my unknown country.

They are coming out . . . the evacuees of the one hundred mile defence area in British Columbia. The young Nisei, torn rudely from their homes and parents, to fend their way in strange towns and cities among strangers sometimes hostile. Willingly they go to work. Writing to their friends and parents they tell of their experiences, not of the bitterness encountered, nor of the obstacles to be faced, but of the glowing possibilities in the East. A chance to start again. They look to the future!

A glorious faith in Canada is their pillar of strength. Who can let them down! Not my unknown country for she has never failed those who have trusted and loved her.

DECEMBER, 1952

The times are changing and we with them.

The Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association sponsored an essay contest with the title, "The Japanese Canadians and Their Problems". Not one entry was received.

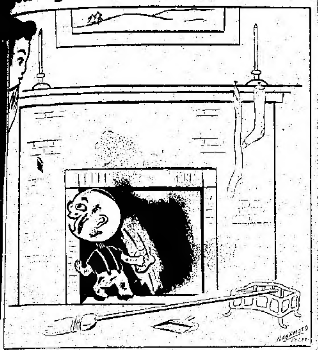
The most important activity of the Nisei Students' Club of the University of Toronto seems to be the sponsoring of an annual Glen Miller Night. (On records). Ah, Hecuba . . . where are the burning questions of old!

The battle cry of the JCCA fund campaign drive might as well be . . . **You never had it so good! Let JCCA keep it that way!"**

My unknown country is a country of taxes, mortgages, down payments, insurance payments, Grey Cup, fishing, Sunnyside, Centre Island, CNE, TV, etc., etc.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

tting ready....



I might as well clean the fireplace for Santa, eh Mom?"

Christmas Away From Home

By GEORGE TAMURA

Dave gazed at the gaily decorated show windows on Yonge St. Carols and vibrant rings of chimes sounded amongst the bustling crowd. He felt gay as he jostled and weaved through a mass of people. Upon entering a large department store, Dave glanced at the jewellery section, dawdled at the magazine counter and moved on to the toyland. He watched the department store Santa making promises to a line of credulous, awe-filled children with their anxious parents.

Gradually he felt the spell of the Yuletide season enter into his mind. During the past weeks he hadn't given much thought to Christmas, because he was deep in study for the term exams. He felt the pressure of intensive study dissipate into the animated air.

He wrote home that he would not be able to go back to join the family for the holiday, because his hometown was far far away, and the expense and the time required made the trip impossible. This was to be his first Christmas away from home. He thought of Bill, his old friend who told him to come over for a Christmas dinner at his home. Dave was really glad to get the invitation. He thought of Jane too. He was taking her to the formal dance on Christmas Eve. As he mused of the pleasant time to come, he felt happy and bouyant, and unconsciously a smile formed on his lips.

Dave strolled outside, boarded a bus and returned to his room. Almost all the students went home for the holiday and the dormitory seemed like a massive empty shell. Soon after exams, his roommate, Tom, and others, packed their belongings hastily, and headed for the station talking exuberantly about the plans they had made for the holiday. The clicking of heels echoed through the corridor. He was probably one of the few students left who were staying at the dormitory over the holiday.

Dave glanced at some Christmas cards, flipped over a few pages of his textbook, and then turned on the radio. He felt restless. With time heavy on his hands, he went out of the room and ambled down to the common room.

At its end a small Christmas tree stood on the table. It had been left from one of the class parties. Strings of silver tinsels hung from its branches. Multi-coloured bulbs flickered in the light. A red paper twine girded its breadth in an upward spiral.

He thought of the Christmas tree at home, and the presents heaped at its base. I hope the folks at home will like the presents, he thought. It wasn't much but he had spent several exhausting hours buying the presents. Gifts sent from home were already laid open in his room. He couldn't see much sense opening the presents on Christmas morning by himself. Christmas of former years came flooding into his mind. Christmas day was a simple joyful family affair: opening presents, shelling nuts and eating a sumptuous dinner. All the little quarrels were forgotten and the family seemed a little closer on this day.

Dave touched one of the branches on the tree. A shower of needles fell on the table and on the floor. He didn't feel light hearted anymore. He trudged up to his room. The radio was still on and a crooner was singing "I'll be Home for Christmas". Dave suddenly felt a sudden rush of loneliness. He never thought he would miss home as much as he did then.

新年を慶賀します
クリスマスを祝し

近藤要次郎
はつ
家族一同
856 Powell Street
Vancouver 4, B.C.
Phone HA. 6755-L

鮎澤鐵藏
倭雄
2431 McGill Street
Vancouver, B.C.
Phone HA. 4975-R

西加奈雄
眞佐子
小柳九一
九洲男
6615 Osler Street
Vancouver, B.C.

大橋源吾
よし乃
源一
1868 Walden Street
Vancouver 10, B.C.
Phone EM. 2558

二階堂源作
家族一同
4250 West 12th Ave.
Vancouver 8, B.C.

宍戸トク
勇
豆
4250 West 12th Ave.
Vancouver 8, B.C.

中村朝吉
家族一同
575 East Hastings Street
Vancouver 4, B.C.

重岡平四郎
静
貢
玉
1041 Howe Street
Vancouver, B.C.

喪中につき年末
年始の禮を缺く
藤本保夫
Grand Forks, B.C.

アルバタ在住十ケ年の
御交誼を謝し諸兄姉の
萬福を祈る
岡野了榮
1249 East Pender Street
Vancouver, B.C.
Phone HA. 6135-R

喪中につき年末
年始の禮を缺く
大城松志
康子
C.P.R. Section
Crowsnest, B.C.

喪中につき年末
年始の禮を缺く
佐藤千代惠
佐藤德衛
Crowsnest, B.C.

謹賀新年
キング、ティチク、タイヘイ盤　手取扱店
グリンウリド
シーフード
森田勝義
ようかん　かまぼこ　さつまあげ
その他日本品製造元

賀正
サンデル・モーター
新古自動車賣買及修繕
西畑二郎　西畑讓二
アサー・バーソン
SANDELL MOTOR
1501 Trans. Can. Highway
New Westminster, B.C.
Phone N. W. 4140-Y-1

賀正
和洋食料品　日本語雜誌
レコード
明美商店
國本新勝
AKEMI CONFECTIONERS
(S. Kunimoto)
239 Hastings Street East
Vancouver, B.C.
Phone PAcific 0438

謹賀新年
日本食料品及び
雜貨直輸入商
アンドリユ・アンド・ジョージ商會
雜本國松
晚市グランドビユウ・ハイウエー二九〇九
及びレンフリユー街二八五〇
ANDREW & GEORGE COMPANY INC.
2909 Grandview Highway, 2850 Renfrew St.,
Vancouver, B.C. Phone DExter 5303

謹賀新年
正月元旦
和洋食料品商
店主　武林唯助
晚市パウエル街三五六
電話ピーエー二〇一五

T. AMANO COMPANY
1139 EAST HASTINGS STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

謹賀新年
正月元旦
舊年中の御愛顧を深謝し
本年も御愛用願います
白味噌
醤油
清酢
釀造元
日本食料品一切直輸入
天野貿易商會
主任　天野弟一
坂本實之
外店員一同

S. NISHIZAWA
Importer and Exporter
755 Powell St.
Wholesale Grocers
Vancouver, B.C.

謹賀新年
晚香坡市パウエル街七五五
食料雜貨
直輸入商
西澤商店
並にキッコーマン醤油
電話　ヘステングス七七五一
自宅　ヘステングス五〇九四アール

Season's Greetings

CROWN LIFE
920 Pender St. W.,
Vancouver, B.C.
Phone PA. 7341

YADA GROCERY
371 E. Hastings St.,
Vancouver 4, B.C.
Phone PA. 1811

和洋食料品雜貨
矢田商店
晚市東ヘステングス街三七一
電話パツフイツク一八一一

クラウン生命保險代理
矢田源一郎
自宅　晚市西第四十二街一一四
電話　エルジン二五二八

至と高き神の讃美

晩市　静玉

爾は善き主なる神なり。爾は諸々の神偏り奇蹟をなし給ふなり。
爾は強く、大きく、至と高し天地の主なる爾、聖き父よ爾は全能なり。
爾は三にして一、諸々の神、爾は主なり。
爾は善、萬の善、最高の善なり。又生き給ひ、且つ眞實の主なり。神なり。
爾は愛と施となり。爾は智慧なり。
爾は謙遜なり。爾は忍耐なり。爾は堅忍なり慎慮なり。
爾は安全にして休息なり。爾は歡喜にし又喜悦なり。
爾は正義にして中庸なり。爾は我等の凡ての富にして又豊饒なり。
爾は美にして　爾優美なり。
爾は庇護者なり。ナンジは守護者にして又防禦者なり。
爾は我等の避難所にして又力なり。ナンジは我等の信、望愛、なり。ナンジは我等の大なる甘味なり。ナンジは我等の永遠の生命なり。
無限の美にして善、偉大にして驚異すべき主なる全能の御神　愛しみ多く御憐れみ深き救主。

新春を迎えて

ビーシー　エス子

四方山にたなび行く初日さやかなり　年の黎明告げる光りに
新春を迎える心おごそかに喜怒哀樂の界を越えて
冬晴れのあい色に澄む青空に　線明らけく白山の浮く
好きな歌作るその時雲りなき　心そのまま持ち通せなば

カナダ日系人の生活
過去と將來を想つて（上）

ハミルトン　宇都宮鹿之助

タイムそのものには過去もなく將來もない、無限があるばかりである。人類の爲す事が過去と將來をマークする。識る者にとつては過去となつたことも、他のものにとつてはそうでない。弓矢を以て鳥獸を射る術は文明國人には遠い過去のことであるけれども未開の土人には現在のことである。これは思想上、精神上にも當てはめられることであるが、現狀に長く止まるほど進歩には遅れるとも云えるであろう。稀有の出來事として現狀は俄かにその全部又は大部分を捨てなくてはならぬ場合がある、その結果として再び建て直されたものは以前よりも遙かに進歩したものとなつて現われるのは變化の上の常則でもある。その時は多くのものは急激に過去のものとして流れ去り、新しく將來へのマークが附せられる。カナダ日系人のピーシー州時代から集團移動と再定住後の狀態はかなり多くこの邊の消息に符合するものがある。

× ×

カナダ日系人の生活は、過去を兼して將來へのスタートにある。逆戻りがあつてはならない時である。そして在來に較べた上では、順風に帆をあげて進む船の如く惠まれた狀態にあると云えないこともない。移民時代の殼を脫いだのは僅かに先年の如く思われるのに、今では一般カナダ人と同等の權利を享有したことは、走馬燈に駆ける鳥のように移り變りの早かつた此の十年間のことであつたので、時には偶然の出來事のようにさえ思われる。文化程度の高い國土へ出稼ぎを目的として渡航した異色民族が、その國の法律の下に、本國人と同一の立場を持つに至ると云うことは元來容易な業ではないのである。日系人のカナダに於ける歷史を五十年とすれば、その間に今日の狀態に達したことは、眞に大なる成功と謂わねばならない。如何にも、日系人全體の過去の努力がこの結果を齎したものであるが、ここにもデモクラシー國家の良いところを見出し、同時に人間の思想の進歩を讃えたいものである。

ところで、カナダ日系人の生活を永久に基礎ずけたところの、斯の一大事實を前にした當時、一般の人々にどれ程の共鳴を與えたであろうかと云う點である。各地に記念祝賀會を催されなかつたことは兎も角として、本來感激性に富む持ち前から推せば、催されそうなものであつた程の出來事であつたのに、多くは火の消えた後の灰の如く靜かであつだことである。尤も生活再建の最中で餘裕に乏しかつたその際ではあつた。

× ×

ピーシー州時代と現在の狀態とは當然何かの上で比較にのぼる。往年旺んに論ぜられた生活問題は、今では表面上解消した。──第一世が永住を決心し歸化が容易になつて參政權を獲得した、職業分野が開けた、排斥が無くなつた──この四つの事によつて基本的の生活條件が整つたためである。この內の何れの一つが欠けていても吾々の生活は本物にならないのであるが、過去に於ては全部に欠けていた。扨て、問題が解消したとすれば、今後の吾々の生活は今在るが儘の狀態と成り行きに任せることとなるのか、尚又、一般的に何か考わられる事でもあるのか、この何れかの岐路に立つのが現在の場合であろう。

日系人の間だけで稱える一般的生活問題というものが、何時までも存續する理由はないけれども、此際採り上げておきたい事は、當分の間は吾吾全體として啓發せねばならないものが殘されているのではなかろうか、それは新たに受取つた四つの條件を意義あるように充實し、開拓し、進展するために必要な內面的の活きのことである。

形の上では條件は整つた、生活の內容も好轉したとはいえ、カナダに於ける吾々の現在の地位は、わずかに初歩時代の低い段階にあるに過ぎないのである。この低いところから、できるだけ速く高まつてゆくことに勵まねばならないのである。その爲に必要なのは第一に、銘々の自覺であるが同時に、それを助け導く爲の共通的の意志と運動である。望ましい事は各地に生活前進運動が生れることであるが、その地にある市協がそれを受持つわけにはゆかないであろうか。全加市協はこの總務をとる事となるのである。

童謡
古い暦
晩市　馨草

壁にくすぼる古暦
今朝はみんなが新しい
おべゃうれしいお正月
それにお前はよごれてる
去年の古衣なぜぬがぬ。
父ちゃん母ちゃんおめでたう
みんな並んだ朝の卓
父ちゃんお屠蘇おいしそう
古い暦に目をやつて
父ちゃん何かうれしそう
そんなに何がうれしいの？
みんな歩いた足跡が
一と日／＼に殘つてる
古い暦がなつかしい……
煖爐ちろ／＼燃ゆる音。
卓のお花もうれしそう
白いお花が父ちゃんで
黄いなお花がお母ちゃん
紅いお花が可愛いゝわ
私の方を向いている。

御勅題新年三ッの物
露月園　小林芳祭

日の御旗揚げて船出や御代の春
大内山のいよゝ初晴
萬國の果々まで平和祈るらん

女權 妻權の世の中

トロント 唐 變 木

（日本の巻）

玉音放送によつて悲しい終戰を迎えた日本の社會的混亂の中で、主權在民の新憲法でただ一ッ値上りを見たものは女權であり、妻權である。

今は昔、河口女史が東京市の公吏に就任した時、自己の存在を眺めた、という珍聲明を發したが、今は公吏はおろか、男女同權の波に乘つて各界えの進出物凄く、國家の選良として天下を論じ、髙良とみは鐵のカーテンをめくつて入露し、赤い氣焔で五尺の男子も顏色なしに吹きまくつた

死生の竿頭に立つた引揚民の困苦体驗記錄は、われわれの胸をうつものがあるが、なかでも「流れる星は生きている」の藤原ていの二兒を抱えての歸還記錄は涙なくしては讀むことのできないもので、女は弱しけれど母は强しの貴い母性讃歌であろう。

嫉妬のため二號を殺した正妻のため山田わかが特別辯護に起つて無罪論を主張、求刑三年で濟み、近くは執職にある伊藤文子が警官である夫君を殺した「バラバラ事件」で十二年の判決は女性なればこそ

自由民主の行過ぎと履き違いは、肥桶かつぐ田吾作、お隣婆までダンス、ダンスで夜を明かし、女性の要塞地帶を三角のバタフライでかくしたストリップの珍藝で鼻下長連を喜ばし、パン助たちは体當りで外貨獲得の離れ業、黄白黑だんだら染の混血兒を巷にハンランさせる無軌道ぶり。

明治の初、紅毛の枕の塵を拂うのさえ拒んだ遊女龜遊は

露をだにいとう大和のおみなへし 降るあめりかに袖は濡らさじ

の三十一文字を殘して自害した秋湖の心意氣こそ泥中の蓮というものなり。

戰後派の心ない女性によつて世界に冠たる日本古來の淑德貞節の美德が失われたのは大きな損失である。

（カナダの巻）

五千哩の海の彼方から、われわれの身邊を眺めんか、毎朝職場へ急ぐ通勤電車の七割までは逞しい女性群像で占められているではないか。

日系家庭でも特殊事情を除いては子供の敎育、家事取締など奥樣本來の仕事はそつちのけ、電髪を春風になびかせて、寒風降雪に際してはカボチャを風呂敷に包んだ格好で街頭をカッポし、ユダヤ人系のショップへと殺到する。細腕の女とあなどるなかれ、大の男がサカ立ちしても彼女たちの週給に追いつかない。

これによつて戰時中の金缺病と家庭經濟建直しの一翼をになう地位と役割はまことに大きい。從つて女三人よれば姦しいの例で、職場談義の放送は山鳥の尾の長々しく、どこまでも續くというもの。

一世のほとんどは、いまは全く關白の地位を返上して、生蒲團か漬物石のような存在だが、明治維新の士族大名のように一文の奉還金も貰つたことは聞かない。樂にならないシナビタ手をじつとながめるだけである。

世の殿方よ、妻君の前ではその御婦人をほめることは禁物ですぞ。一天俄かにかき曇り、潮向のフグのような症狀を呈しますぞ。家庭爭議となれば三寸の舌端は火を吐く機銃の如く、ダダダダッと來るこんな場合は台風通過を待つという作戰が賢明なり。

牛を馬に乘り換わるように簡單にできない法律の鐵則は女のプライドに拍車をかけ女權攻勢は年毎に激化する。沈みゆく洛陽は淸盛の權勢を以てしても呼び止めることは出來なかつた。徒らに馬齡を重ねておののく老武者よ、弱き者よ、汝の名は男なり。

神の榮光

卜市 三 保

一、あゝ、ほうむうの年明けて
正しき神の子等の
一人々々のたましいは
正義の花と薫るなり

二、破邪顯正の劍をとり
神の國の榮光にない來る
輝く神の御姿を仰まんと
我等は朝夕祈るなり

三、神の榮光高らかに
現世の隅々までも及び給ふ
ひかりにむせぶ我々は
平和を永久に守るらん

四、使命ぞ重き神の子等
水つく屍、草むかばね
天父の御言葉を守り
進み行く地の果までも

三歌人の額

西村登美

私の部屋の正面に三つの額がかゝっている。左側にあるのは私のうたの師、故前田夕暮先生の御筆跡で、

木の花の匂ふゆうべとなりにけり、老ひづきし妻をわがいたわらむ

と書かれている、先生の晩年のお作で、お若い時のかの有名な

木に花咲き君わが妻にならむ日の　四月なかなか遠くもあるかな

の對のおうたとも言わるものである。木に花咲き……のように人の口にのぼるものではないけれど先生の温いお心がにじみ出ていて、幾枚も頂いている中で一番好きである。

眞中にあるのは、尾上柴舟先生の筆蹟で、

ふるみちは人じ行かねばさびしみか　小犬かけきてちやれつきにけり

日本一という先生の美くしい假名が、薄みどりの短冊に匂ふように浮き出ている。

尾上先生は、前田先生のお若い頃のおうたの先生であるので、べつ／＼のお手から頂いたお二人のものが、ゆくりなくもこうして一處に並べられたのを面白く思うのであるが、最近、尾上先生がお書きになっている前田先生の思出のお話を讀んで、一入親しみ深く眺めるようになった。

『……小石川にいい借家が出來たのでそこに移ることになった。引越は些かの荷物と犬とだけであったが君と（前田夕暮）正富君とが手傳ってくれたので事がよく運んだ。すっかり濟んで夜になってから「泊って行きたまへ」と勸めたが二人ともそはそはして落ちつかず、歸りたくはなしといって泊りたくもなしという風である。それでこそこそ推問答をしていたが、遂に正富君だけ泊って君は歸った。どうしてそう躊躇したかはあとで分った。それは自分が書き捨てた短冊が澤山あった。背中に入れて歸ろうとしたのであったが、夜になって歸るのはつらいし、泊ってはそれがばれるしというのであった。……というのである。そして

掠めむと手また動かば短冊の　萬も書かむを書き渡さむを

と、前田先生をおしまれる弔歌の中にも、おうたいになっておられるが、あたゝかい師弟の愛情が二つの額の間から流れてきて、涙ぐまれる。

そうして私は、左上にかけた板口富美子さんの額を仰いで、更に熱い思いを深めるのである。

部屋のすみすでにをぐらし　仰臥正しく　身をのべておもふ今日の一日を

病床の中から私のために書いて下さったおうたが、そのまま富美子さんのお心となり、お姿となって、せまってくる。十幾年の長い病の床におられながら、豊けく、淸らけく澄んで、世の光となっておられる富美子さんは、それだけ多くの友を持っておられるであらうに、けし粒のような小さい私を、このように親しくして下さり、地球の裏と表に住んでおりながら、一すじに心通い結ばれていることを奇しく思うのであるが、富美子さんはまた、尾上先生の愛弟子であることを思って、人の世のえにしの不思議さを思わずにはおられない。

お亡くなりになった前田先生も青年の頃、それ程はしいとお思いになった尾上先生の御筆跡と並んでいることを御存知なく、尾上先生もやっぱり、この遠い異鄕の地に、昔の師弟の額がかけられていることをまだお知りで無いのに、その上、富美子さんまで加えて三人のおうたが一部屋に集まっているのを見ると、私はほんとうに、何とも言えない！としか言いようのない思いに打たれる。

私は今も、三人の額をかたみに眺めながら、爭いに滿ちているように思われる地上にも、たわず、さやぎあい、むすばれ合う温い風が吹き渡っていることを思い、美くしい魂や、高い藝術は、どのような距離も空間も越えて、人の心に働きかけるものであることを、しみじみ思うのである。

雪ひら

ゆみ

降りしきる雪を　おつと見ていたら
ふつと　酢だこが　食べたくなりました。
酢だこには　仄かに　お正月の匂ひがまつわり
雪ひらは私の胸に　ぽつと
郷愁ににた　淡い灯をともします
その灯かげは
シースワープの湖畔に　古びたログ・ハウスの
思出を　にぢませ
幼ない子供たちと　ひっそりと迎えたお正月の窓に
太々とぶらさがった　一本の軒つららをしのばせて
凍てた生だこの　連想に涙ぐんだ
移動地の　侘びしさを　よみがへらせます。
靜かな冬ごもりの窓べに
あられもようの　あらい雨ひらは
限りもなく　舞ひ散りて
私の胸には　酢だこを懶ふ
ひそやかな　追憶の灯がゆれます

冬日

石垣も
木立も　道も
みんな　灰色
ひろい枯草の原はさむ／＼と
光をけし
私もシーダー・ツリーも
生氣のない暗緑の色にみちろぎもしない。
ウッドペッカーも　なかず
マギパイも　とばず
空が　重々と垂れて
くちづさむ　唄もなく　けった小石は
ひゞきもなく　ころげてゆきました。
今日、メール・ボックスにゆくフィールドの小道は
十二月の素顔に
侘びしい　沈默をつゞけていました。

ニューカナディアン クリスマス新年特別號（第二部）

おとぎの國

板口富美子

カナダの皆様

クリスマス　おめでとうございます。

一九五二年、この年のクリスマスを、心からお祝い申上げます。

年に一度のこの日は、子どもたちだけでなく、大人の心をも、何て浄いあたゝかいよろこびでつゝんでくれることでしょう。

せめてこの日だけはみんな大人の世界をもう一度はなれて、みんな、子どものくに、おとぎの世界にかへつて行きます。

たのしいクリスマス。

あたゝかいクリスマス。

浄くうるわしいクリスマス。

キリストの生れ給うたこの日を、心からお祝いいたしましょう。

クリスマス近づきたればおさなごは　よき子になりて　サンタクロース待つ

六つの兒がたのしきおもい　わがくらし　サンタクロースのおうちたずぬる

ひとみかゞやかせたずねたずぬるおさごよ　サンタクロースは空より降りむ

サンタクロースのおじいさん待つおさなきら　おとぎの國に入りゆくごとし

子どもたちは、ことに、どんなにかたのしくその日を待ちかねることでしょう。キリスト様が不思議でサンタクロースのおじいさんが不思議でサンタクロースのおうちが不思議で、サンタクロースのおじいさんの通るみちが不思議で、靴が不思議で、せおった袋が不思議で、その日をよろこんで待ちながら、小さい子どもたちは、いろいろと目をかゞやかせながらたずねて困らせます。それは、大人の私たちだって、そんなことは、なんにも分らないのですから。たゞ、せめて年に一度、たのしい清純な童話の國を、そのまゝこゝに持つて來て、そのまゝのたのしいあたゝかさと清らかさの中につゝまれるのです。

空のはてにゆたかなるおとぎの國ありて　そこより來むかサンタクロースは

ゆたかなるおとぎの國のおくりもの　背負ひ持ち來むサンタクロースは

サンタクロース煙突よりおりる物がたり　たのしかりけりやさしきいつわり

サンタクロースのおじいさんの、あの赤い笑顔は、しかし、やつぱり、あまりにも地上のものです。あたゝかい血をほのぐゝと、じかに感じさせられるような、あの笑顔は遠く天上のものでなく、たしかにこの國のものです。

何という人間的なやさしさでしょう。何という現實的なあたゝかさでしょう。

キリストの聖誕を祝うこの日、キリストその人ではあまりに高潔すぎ、あまりに、人間を超えて居たまう爲、こゝにより私たちに親しくしたしむことの出來るサンタクロースのおじいさんをよんで下さつた遠い世の人々のかしこい心に、私たちはもう一度お禮を申し上げましょう。

サンタクロースの赤き笑顔のやさしさは　遠きものならずしたしかりける

赤い眼、青い手袋、だぶだぶの長靴、肥えてみじかい体、白いひげ、そうして、あのくずれる笑顔のおくから、世界中の私たちの一人々々に、無限のおくりものをおくつて下さるのです。無限のおくりもの——そうです。私たちはサンタクロースのおじいさんに托して、愛する、親しい人々をよろこばすべく、更に大きい心の寶を與えられるのです。

浄く、たのしいクリスマス。

キリストの生れたもうたこの日を、心を浄め、心たのしく、心一ぱいにお祝いいたしましょう。

年頭の挨拶

—カナダ駐在日本大使—

井口貞夫



メリー・クリスマス・アンド・ハッピー・ニュー・イヤー

年の矢を迎えるに當つて舊來の御援助に對し御禮を申し上げますと共に新しい年にも變らぬ御支援を賜るようお願い致します。

一九五三年が、繁榮の一路を辿るカナダにも、獨立を回復し更めて國際社會の一員に加わつた日本にも、そして東西すべての國々にとつても、眞の平和と繁榮の歳となるよう、皆様と共に新たな勇氣をもつて全力を盡して見たいと思つております。

殘りの白菊

下市みさを

客室は掃き清められ殘菊の白きを活けて友を招かむ

殘菊に厨の灯とどきをりひそけき餘る宵の一とき

渦高く玩具積まれし百貨店見とるる吾子の手を引いて行く

夜半にふと母に逢ひ見しうれしさも夢にぞありし月も更けゆく

伊藤つるよ
同 家族一同
R.R. #2, Box 65 Kelowna, B.C.

菊地嘉右エ門
同 登米代
R.R. #3 Kelowna, B.C.

沼田龍次郎
沼田富代
Box 146, R.R. #3 Kelowna, B.C. Phone 7711

酒井清一
1669 Abbott Street Kelowna, B.C.

クリスマスを祝し新年を慶賀します

鶴田收藏
家族一同
750 Fuller Ave. Kelowna, B.C.

岩下商店
松村文太郎
P.O. Box 1490 Kelowna, B.C. Phone 112

田中四郎介
同 ハル
家族一同
P.O. Box 165 Westbank, B.C.

松本左巴二郎
タネ
P.O. Box 23 Westbank, B.C.

熊谷喜代志
しづえ
家族一同
R.R. #2, Vernon, B.C.

湊商店
R.R. #4, Vernon, B.C. Phone 1130

宍戸榮次郎
タラ

東海林クデン
R.R. #1, Winfield, B.C. Phone 2621

吉田龜次郎
竹中清松
R.R. 1, Winfield, B.C.

謹迎新年

青葉會

小林芳翠　小林葉子　太地峰月　太地惠　千葉孤舟　引地若子　小林みどり　宍戸光枝　古屋湖醉　上釜孤葉　中村つゆし　宍戸春雨

向井卯之助
家族一同
P.O. Box 14, Namu, B.C.

前田清一
同 はつ
家族一同
Sunnyside Cannery Skeena River, B.C.

吉田龍一
青美
Sunnyside Cannery Skeena River, B.C.

勇元玉識
Halcyon Hot Springs Arrow Lake, B.C.

二瓶鐵治
照子
家族一同
740 Hembok Ave. Hope, B.C.

石川ハレ一亨
母 ミツ
H. ISHIKAWA P.O. Box 387, Hope, B.C.

齋藤金次郎
みわ
家族一同
P.O. Box 68, Hope, B.C.

吉原林一郎
トミ
家族一同
Haney, B.C.

河原豊二
同 ナカ
同 政義
同 文子
同 歌子
P.O. Box [illegible], B.C.

佐藤匡
家族一同
Brookmere, B.C.

西川定治郎
春枝
家族一同
C/o Summit Lime Works Crowsnest, B.C.

瀧本與治郎
秋野
家族一同
P.O. Box 46 Lillooet, B.C.

吉川義友
尾本國次郎
C.N.R. Gang 34 Boston Bar, B.C.

澤田治太郎
すが
治男
503 Hall Street Nelson, B.C.

田中寅市
同 ミツヨ
家族一同
T. TANAKA Whaletown, B.C.

創作

すき間

ウイニペッグ　明代

『大したこと、ないぢやないの』

「いい所もあるよ。あの山の中を行くの、長すぎるけど、木の間の太陽は印象的だね」

「そうね。一寸くどい位だけど、熱演ぶりは賞が入るのね、特に京マチ子の二人の男に向つてのタンカは、泣いてばかりいた後だつたから、スイフとしたわ」

と、三代は女の側から觀る

「三船もいいぜ。上手に野性を出している。あの三人の中では三船が一番だね」

と、夫の廣吉も負けていない。

「とにかく、考えさせられるシャシンね、あんなの白人にわかるかしら……」

さほど更けていない夜を、「羅生門」を觀ての歸途であつた。二人で出まかせの氣兼のない批評を飛ばせて

「そりや、白人にも通があるからね。何せよ日本の映畫も世界的なアカデミー賞に入る位になつたんだ。大したものさ——」

靜かな横通りを、ゆつくりドライブしながら廣吉は滿足さうに學生時代の歌を、子供つぽい調子でうたうのだつた。

×

今夜は毎月當市でも催されるダンス練習會。遅れ氣味なので三代は思わずあわてて支度をしている自分に氣がついて片方の耳飾りを手にしたまま、さつきから椽に落ついてソーファーで新聞を擴げている廣吉に、もう一度

「ね、そろそろ行きましようよ。あまり遅くならないうちに——」

と促した。

『遲くもないさ』

バサリと新聞を置いてまだぐずぐずし、一向に用意しようとしない。

結婚してこのかた、家事、育兒と、餘念のない日を送りやつと子供達に手のはなせる樣になつてホッと世間を見廻したような三代達の年輩のグループだつた。そしてあちこちで盛んになつたダンスをやりましようよ、と忘れ果てていた昔の樂しみが、思いがけなく歸つたようであつた。

しかし、それは娘時代のように、淡いロマンチックさはもう消ねているかも知れないギコチないダンスぶりだつたが、世帶じみた空氣から拔けて美しい音樂に輕くエキサイトした氣持も若やぐのだつたけれど、廣吉は年の開きのせいもあつたが、かたくなに練習に力を入れようともしなかつた。

みんなが上手に踊れるわけでもなかつた。でもあど氣ないほどに熱心だ。リズムに乘つて踊る人々をつまらなさうに見て、腰かけている廣吉を三代がみとめ、

「駄目ね。折角のチャンスなのに、けいこしなさいよ」

「駄目なら止さう。もう歸るよ」

乘氣がないところへ、バッと油を注いだようなもので、もう彼を止めることは出來なかつた。外は寒く更けていた。むやみにブレーキをかけたりむつつりとドライヴしている廣吉の片意地さが腹立しかつたが、彼をおきはなしに、つい面白がつてダンスに夢中していたことが氣につき急に濟まないような氣持ちがわいて出てきた。

すつと入る寒い夜更の空氣をふせぐために、コートを合わせながら、ヘッドライトの照る道先をじつとみつめるのであつた。

御題 出船

トロント 日登志

ドラの音も思ひあらたに船出してまぶたにのこるふき島影

（復興）

新築のたよりはうれし文字のあと圖面も添えて喜びみちる

戰ひの跡をし思ぶ沖縄に家並ふえてゆくはうれしき

七年を假の住ひにふるへつつ耐えて久しき弟なる君

（雜詠）

和やかな聲も鐘もかれるものひたになつかし友の面わよ

抱擁は吾れも人をも温かく渦くものにも泉なりけり

イートンのサンタクロスの行列は人混寄せてテレビに映る

宗教を織り込まれたる行列に營利事業のものと思へや

裸木の諸枝は黑く月光にきらめきもなく冬寂びこもる

裏庭の杜を透かして初日影くれない染めて間近くをがむ

トロント 愛子

永住の地にさだめよと船出の日父のことはのわれにかるらん

（雜詠）

平和乞うよろづの民に與へませ愛と信との清き心を

戰ひの兵士や民にも見せたまへ天のかがやき救ひの光を

冬枯の木々の中にもさきがけて春のそなへをとゝのへてをり

秋の朝ひとり舞台のリスのまい、せまきに見ゆる廣き庭邊も

ピーシー 桂子

さしのぼる朝日眞向に迎えつつ船出に勇む海士の男々しさ

直帆張りて船は出てゆく湊江を潮路のどかや海士の呼び聲

いでてゆく船路はるけし百千里心して行け舵とる人は

虹。森

日の本の誠のすがたあまねからむ船出重ねて廣く知らしめ

國の粋まだ届かずば外國に船出重ねて著し渉らめ

初日

トロント 千豊

白雲は消えて初日に加奈陀晴我よ今年は何を求むる

君が代を聲高らかに歌ひだし初日さし來る空仰ぎつつ

國と共に受けし苦難の十星霜生くる命の亦たのしけれ

行く年の机の上に蓄れ殘る水穂歌集と一つの理念を

地に臥して天を仰ぎて敗戰の祖國や如何に七年を經し

身につもる老は忘れて年一つ重ねし吾子を高くさし上ぐ

立ちなほる日をこそための幾千里祖國を遠く初日に祈る

人生航路

大船撮影所 修夫

ネオン街人生航路求めきてするすべ知らではかなき我は

何せんと思ふあてなき快き日には新聞廣告切り抜きて集むる

現實を思へば悲し放浪の夢にあまりのなまなましさあり

雨降れば雨の感傷に泊して人間我の淋しさのあり

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し
併て各地同胞の健在を祈る

朝日奈善市 家族一同 P. O. Box 394 Greenwood, B. C.

濱口文雄 玉枝 盟治 ミチル エミリ スミレ P. O. Box 549 Greenwood, B. C.

濱口タツ子 家族一同 P. O. Box 388 Greenwood, B. C.

濱精太郎 P. O. Box 371 Greenwood, B. C.

北川常喜 P. O. Box 594 Greenwood, B. C.

大江彌左衛門 P. O. Box 420 Greenwood, B. C.

清水紋次郎 家族一同 P. O. Box 615 Greenwood, B. C.

新川松之助 P. O. Box 386 Greenwood, B. C.

新出吉太郎 家族一同 P. O. Box 508 Greenwood, B. C.

鈴木甚吉 きみ 秀昭 誠一 P. O. Box 572 Greenwood, B. C.

前田甲一 P. O. Box 614 Greenwood, B. C.

松居晋弘 家族一同 P. O. Box 573 Greenwood, B. C.

前出義治 房枝 P. O. Box 479 Greenwood, B. C.

椋田直作 家族一同 P. O. Box 412 Greenwood, B. C.

村尾勝次郎 敏夫 P. O. Box 417 Greenwood, B. C.

尾山正三 光子 家族一同 P. O. Box 399 Greenwood, B. C.

立山新八 一枝 安男、操、貢 P. O. Box 594 Greenwood, B. C.

竹本鶴吉 家族一同 P. O. Box 581 Greenwood, B. C.

万木長一郎 ミト 健二 P. O. Box 371 Greenwood, B. C.

上出久吉 P. O. Box 536 Greenwood, B. C.

谷澤龍藏 Greenwood, B. C.

淀川吉太郎 P. O. Box 421 Greenwood, B. C.

吉田豊藏 梅代 P. O. Box 511 Greenwood, B. C.

吉田清一 P. O. Box 517 Greenwood, B. C.

赤坂隆雄 New Denver, B. C.

圓入三之助 もと New Denver, B. C.

江畑源彌 しを New Denver, B. C.

遠藤寅七 ひさ子 New Denver, B. C.

古川文四郎 New Denver, B. C.

佐藤三郎 New Denver, B. C.

林茂平次 とし New Denver, B. C.

原田節吉 New Denver, B. C.

廣田四平 New Denver, B. C.

林加津子 家族一同 New Denver, B. C.

糸永茂作 New Denver, B. C.

井上重隆 はな 幸子 柱子 New Denver, B. C.

泉甚松 松本常吉 New Denver, B. C.

泉甚一郎 角長作 川村巳之助 New Denver, B. C.

小坂陽太郎 ひさ New Denver, B. C.

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THE SATURNALIA & XMAS

(cont'd from P. 1)

Viola was silent.

Papa looked at her kind of embarrassed. After all, even slaves had a private life, he thought, thereby providing himself slightly ahead of his times. He waved her out of the room, and she, bowing low, left with that stately air that always made Papa feel a little winded.

Claudia was waiting anxiously. As soon as she saw Viola approaching she ran to meet her, and putting her hand lovingly in the older woman's hand, skipped along like a little girl, though she was really old enough to do better than that. In fact Viola was doing her best to make a real lady out of the young girl.

"Claudia, your father is a good man, a rare thing in Rome these days. You are a lucky girl and I am a lucky slave."

The girl tugged sharply at the slave's hand crying:

"Don't call yourself that word! You know I don't like it."

"But dear, you know I am one, and I know."

"Oh yes but! I shall ask Papa to set you free. You shall be a freed woman, and you shall stay with me forever."

Viola ruffled the girl's hair fondly. The child would learn someday that there was a higher freedom than that of citizenship of this earth. The earthly bonds mattered little when the heavenly charter was won. And the slave longed to share her higher freedom with her kind master and his beloved daughter. However, she must have patience. Any danger to her own life could easily mean danger to those others in the catacombs; therefore she had to be ever so cautious. Nevertheless she felt the day was coming when the master and his daughter would be one of them, to kneel at the tombs of the martyrs, to be received among the followers of Christ, to worship Almighty God.

A holy Day was coming, on the heels of the Saturnalia. It would be wonderful to remember again the Day of the Birth. She would take a little gift of honey-cakes, as they who were hidden had so little of the sweets of life, and Viola knew the master begrudged her nothing. This year Claudia would be with them. Would she understand the significance of what she would see? Claudia was a good girl, and intelligent. She learned very well indeed, and she had a natural virtue that spoke well for the future. Even though it was taking a big chance, a risk, in letting Claudia into the secret of the catacombs, Viola knew for certain that the child would never betray that secret.

"Claudia, dearest child, remember what I told you about the young girl Agatha? In Sicily?"

"Yes Viola, I remember. I wonder if I will ever be that brave if the same happened to me!"

Claudia stopped in her tracks, her eyes gazing into some unseen distance. The heroic bravery of the young girl martyr had touched a thrilling chord in Claudia's heart. All kidding aside, Claudia had the makings of a very fine woman, and Viola knew that. Good blood tells. Claudia's mother had been a very fine woman, who had begged Viola to watch over the girl as she would her own, knowing also that Viola was one woman out of a thousand. Viola would guard the motherless one with her life. So she had carried on the good home training, and had taught the girl some of the precepts Christ had taught, precepts that would strengthen her in any hour of need. Claudia had absorbed it all as naturally as if she, too, was one of the persecuted multitude. But Claudia was a Roman maiden, and would soon be old enough to marry Marcus. Claudia was a Roman of Rome. Viola involuntarily besought:

"God forbid that she be as the other Roman maidens!"

Claudia was still bemused over the story of Agatha, the young Christian girl who preferred death to renouncing her faith, who kept her innocence rather than yield it to save her own life. Such courage! And the little boy who went to death with his father rather than burn incense to pagan gods! What brave people these Christians were! Claudia envied them, somehow, but she didn't know why.

"Did Papa say I could go with you, Viola?"

"Yes, dear. He did."

"Oh goody-goody! Let's tell Septimus to gather the honey and let's make a lot of honey-cakes."

Viola smiled, for all was well. The good lord provided. What the master's daughter wanted the kitchen help would not gainsay. Honey cakes there would be, to take to the catacombs.

* * *

Now I wish I could say that something dramatic happened and Claudia proved as brave as Agatha, and that afterwards old Papa saw the light and became a Christian. Things don't turn out that way. With people like Papa it's a slow business, but you can be sure that to the end of his days he remained a kind old soul, and he freed his slaves eventually . . . the good ones only, of course, for Papa was sensible as well as kind. To the end of his days he admired Viola and got kind of short-breathed when she was around, and she always smiled at him, but when he died she was so lonely she didn't live much longer.

When Viola died, Claudia was already married to her Marcus and was kind of busy raising a family. Viola's death, however, left a big hole in Claudia, for she felt as if she had lost a mother, and that was truer than she knew. Viola had given Claudia something bigger and better than just affection and care. She had given Claudia a realization that the human soul was a precious thing, and that the material benefits were all right in their place, but you couldn't buy spiritual riches with denarii. After Claudia had attended the funeral services for Viola in the catacombs, she kept on being friendly with the Christians in a quiet way. She helped them in many ways, and in time Marcus came around to her way of thinking, and he being the more impulsive type said:

"Look here, Claudia darling, why don't we be Christian ourselves? We might as well be, because our life is full of them and you know what? I like them. I don't feel stupid when I'm with them. Sort of makes me feel I count for something too. Not like that old crowd of mine; they think I'm hen-pecked, being so good and not getting drunk like them. But you know what? I'm like your Pa. I like it this way."

"Honestly Marcus, you come out with the craziest things! Do you know what would happen if you became a Christian? Your life wouldn't be worth a plugged denarii! And what would happen to tha children I ask you? Why, they might be killed like . . . ."

Claudia was looking back into the past, and remembering the martyr Agatha, and the other child martyrs that she had heard about. She was remembering Viola, the only mother she remembered. She thought of the catacombs, the good Sebastian, old Sixtus, the faithful women who wept for their dead yet remained faithful. Claudia's heart cringed at the thought of her lovely children facing that sort of life. She leaned against Marcus, too deeply moved to even weep. How could she condemn her children to certain death, even if she herself felt as brave as Agatha, even if Marcus were like that other Sebastian? What was it Viola had said?

"Life means nothing if it is a lie. Death is nothing when you die for love of God. The coward dies a thousand deaths, but the martyr lives forever and sees God."

Claudia faced Marcus. He was a darling, just like Papa.

"Marcus, would you have the children Christian too? You know what that means?"

"Why sure, sweetheart. But you're so brave yourself they would be, too, just like you. I'm not worried about that. I just thought that since we're so much with the Christians and they mean so much to you, and I think they're fine, we might as well be one of them as not, you know. After all, hon, if I'm going to die I'd rather die for this Christ than for that stinker up in the palace. Now don't get me wrong. I'm proud of being a Roman of Rome. Who wouldn't eh, hon? But things are getting so I get sensitive about what a Roman is nowadays. Maybe I'm a snob, but I sure prefer the Christians, honest, hon, honest!"

"Marcus, . . . Marcus . . . you're such a crazy man! Why I really believe you're not afraid of being a Christian, the way I am!"

Claudia was silent for a long while, then she said with a sigh:

"I wish Papa and Viola were here, too. Papa would be just like you, and Viola would be so happy. Dear, dear Viola!"

* * *

You can see that even a girl like Claudia, brought up as she was by that wonderful Viola, having all the advantages of a nice home, a good father, a swell husband, etc., could take an awful long time before she made up her mind to live the way she thought was the only right way to live, in spite of the fact that it also meant dangers, and having the courage of her convictions. In those days it took real courage to come out and declare oneself a Christian, to face possible death by torture in the arenas of the pagan overlords. But the challenge was such that even little children stood steadfast by their faith in the Christian God, and in truth the seed of Christianity was nurtured in the blood of the martyrs.

Today the challenge is no less. In fact it may be said that the challenge is greater today than ever before.

Today we are faced with the sorry spectacle of so-called Christians, who ought to know better, living the life of those pagan Saturnalians. Every Christmas, (in fact, given any excuse to souse themselves), they act as if the ancient Saturnalia was in full swing again. But worse still, these so-called Christians, who

(Cont'd on P. 16)

Sachi's Christmas Present

By JEAN PETERS

"Daddy . . . DAddy . . . DADDY! Listen to me", Sachi demanded earnestly.

Mas Amato came out from behind his newspaper, focusing attention on his four-year-old daughter who was leaning persistently against his knee.

"What is it, bundle of joy?", he asked, scooping her into his lap. "What do you want to know so desperately?"

"Baby Jesus does have slanted eyes and black hair and skin like mine, doesn't He?"

She was all earnestness, a frown creasing her baby face. Mas was embarrassed. What did he know about it?

"What does your Sunday School teacher say?", he hedged.

"She didn't say, 'zactly . . . she showed us some pictures and the Baby Jesus, and His mother, Mary, were white. Mother Mary was very pretty . . . though not as pretty as Mummy", Sachi added hastily.

"Whose Mummy is that?", a voice asked from the doorway. Lily was unaware of the picture she made, framed in the blue drapes, the overhead light bringing out the deep lights in her gleaming hair, her sparkling eyes looking out of a face of fragile loveliness.

"Mummy, Baby Jesus looked like us, didn't He?, Sachi asked with a voice that was beginning to lose assurance.

Lily's eyes sought those of her husband. They had agreed always to tell Sachi the truth to her questions. But now what were they going to tell her? The answer obviously meant so much to her. They had allowed her to go to Sunday School with her playmates from down the street, but they themselves were not Christians. They didn't know very much about it.

"Don't you know about Baby Jesus and the camels and the sheep and the three wise men? Shall I tell you the story?" Sachi asked.

"Later, dear. Time to get washed up for dinner. Hurry now".

"What shall we do?", she asked as Sachi raced from the room. "Try to have her forget the whole thing?"

"I don't know. Christianity certainly seems to have Sachi enchanted, in a way the rituals of Buddhism never did. It seems so simple—simple for a child to understand, and yet hard for an adult. I'd like to think about it for awhile".

That night Mas went to a Christian church for the first time. A friendly man shook hands with him at the door, handing him a black book as he led him down the aisle to a seat. He felt uncomfortable and hoped he wouldn't make any mistakes. Shortly a man in flowing black robes entered and the service began with the singing of a hymn about the origin of the Christmas festival.

At the close of the service, Mas lingered until everyone had gone, then approached the man in the flowing robes. He introduced himself, adding, "I'm a Buddhist and an artist. My little girl comes to Sunday School here. She asked me today whether the Baby Jesus looked like us—like a Japanese. What am I going to tell her . . . ?

Mas broke off, overcome with confusion. This man would think him an utter fool. Only the memory of Sachi's troubled face as she had faced him that morning kept him there.

"Come to my study, Mr. Amato, I should like very much to try to help you find the truth to tell your little girl".

Mas spent over an hour with the kindly minister. He explained to Mas in simple terms the Christian doctrine of salvation from sin through Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He explained that Jesus came into the world to show people that God loved them like a Father and was unhappy because they were selfish and had forgotten Him. He also told Mas that Jesus was of an Eastern people, and therefore not "white" but dark complexioned. Above all, the minister explained that Jesus Christ was a universal Saviour, not restricted to one people, but belonging to all.

"You are an artist", the minister said. "Read the stories about the birth of Jesus again, and then interpret them in pictures for your daughter. The pictures that your daughter has seen are only artists' conceptions of what Jesus was like, what they had tried to picture for others, after being moved by the story of His birth".

But Mas was troubled. How could he interpret Jesus to Sachi when he knew that you had to believe in something, it had to be a part of you, before you could put it down on canvas. The Christmas story was just a lot of words to him. It was impossible!

For two more days, the battle raged in Mas. He felt exhausted. Mas wanted so desperately to give Sachi the answer she desired, to give it to her in a form her young mind could grasp—a picture.

He tip-toed into the bedroom for a new sketching pad. Sachi was in a chair in semi-darkness with Lily, nursing little Tami. The light streaking in from the living room cast a soft glow about the two. Mas stood motionless, struck by the sight. Like a physical blow, the realization hit him that his half-heathen prayer had been answered. Here was his Madonna and child—his own wife and baby would pose for him.

Signalling her not to move, Mas began to sketch with charcoal pencil. Surely and boldly he worked, planning in his mind the colors he would use. Lily had posed for him often, she did not know that there was something special about this time.

On Christmas morning, a tingling Sachi bounced into the living room—and stopped. Slowly she advanced on the oil painting of the Virgin Mary and Baby Jesus. Looking at her, with all the love that only a mother can get in her eyes, was a Japanese Madonna, with a little Japanese Baby Jesus in her arms, reaching out His chubby hands to Sachi. All the richness of the Orient was in the colors Mas had used. All the conviction of his soul had gone into Sachi's Christmas present.



EVERY FALL AND WINTER, white-clad figures can be found ...sing an inoffensive looking shuttlecock in what is perhaps Nisei-...'s most widely participated indoor sport. In Toronto, for example, ...sei cavort in their own league, in two sections of the Inter-Church ...dminton loop, and occasionally in tournaments such as the Carlton ...b Invitational in which the four players above (from left to ...ght), Shirley Shimizu, Chiyo Takeda, Mary Shintani and Kay Ogaki ... part.

Courtesy, Toronto Globe & Mail

Tak's Case

By Y. E. T.

By the casual and almost flippant manner the defence attorney resumed his seat, by the way his lawyer said: "The defence rests, your honour." Tak knew he had lost his case. But, somehow, Tak sensed defeat from the beginning. Before the jury left the courtroom he had checked himself from crying out:

"Damn you all! I'm guilty. I admit it. You wouldn't understand anything more, so why waste your time on all these confounded proceedings. Sentence me, I'm ready to pay!"

Tak didn't say this, of course. It wasn't in his make-up. He was always quiet and reserved. Come to think of it, his lawyer sure made him out like a kid. A little boy just weaned from his mother's milk, that's what he was. A little boy who didn't know the enormity of the crime he had committed although you've got to admit it was a pretty clever trick robbing the boss' big fat wallet, pretty clever for a kid, that is.

Everybody knew Tak was guilty. Once he was arrested, Tak created no scenes. Violence and Tak never teamed up. And yet, throughout the proceeding, Tak's face had glowed with a strange optimism. Could he have thought that the sentimental case his lawyer had dreamt up would result in his acquittal? What was he thinking about?

The way the defence attorney presented the case amused him. It was so ironical. Tak wondered what the jury would do if the whole story had been told. If he had the gift of the gab, he might have talked, and talking might have relieved his mind. The bitterness that perplexed his heart cut deeply. Yes, if he had divulged his disjointed thoughts and said:

"I'm a Japanese Canadian . . . I'm twenty-five now. I was fourteen when the war broke out . . . war with Japan, I mean. My father was a farmer. He made good despite all the prejudices the white people brought to bear upon him . . . I had plans to go to college when the war broke out . . . Then, we were sent to camp. They called it a "relocation camp" . . . My father lost practically everything. Homes and properties for which he had toiled so hard were unmercifully taken away from him . . . and he served in the First World War . . . for Canada too . . There were no colleges in relocation camps, not even senior high schools . . . We had to work, make roads for the government. I came out here after the war. They don't trust you much when you've got slant eyes and black hair . . . Sure, I robbed my boss, after he called me a dirty, stinking Jap.

"'Why don't you smelly Japs go back to the country you came from. Acting like a beggar in this country will get you nowhere,' was the boss' retort to my request for a little raise".

* * *

I wonder what the jury would do if they knew the whole story. I wonder why I didn't tell them, Tak thought.

Tak's fingers fidgeted in the pocket of his worn trousers. There lay the answer, a crumpled letter smeared with sweat and creased under the pressure of his hand. It was a letter from his camp-day friend and class-mate, Aki. The same Aki who had once told him:

"You'll go places, Tak. You've got a head on that shoulder of yours. Keep plugging . . . Perseverence, boy!"

Tak opened the letter and perused its contents again.

"Dear Tak," it began, "I am sorry to hear of your mistake, but I have full confidence that you will pull through like a man. A little mistake has been the turning point in the lives of many great men. You might be bitter to-day but time will heal your wound. I know that a rash and thoughtless individual must have instigated your action. I know that you will not retaliate, now, with a rash and thoughtless action. You are a member of a minority race in this country, but there are many others like you. The past war has been a war of our liberation, Tak, liberation from doubt, suspicion, hatred and distrust. New vistas have become open to us. Economic opportunities denied to us in the past by deep-rooted prejudices are now available to any skilled individual. I am sorry you were blind to the opportunity, Tak, but you have the ability to make good in this country. Remember the old poem we had to memorize in High School.

'I am the captain of my fate
I am the master of my soul.'

That was all, except for the "Pal forever," which closed all of Aki's letters to him.

The jury sauntered back, but Tak didn't care. His thoughts were of the distant future.

THE SATURNALIA & XMAS

(Cont'd. from P 13)

have forgotten themselves what Christmas stood for, have given the bad example to heathens in our midst, so that the latter haven't the foggiest idea of what Christmas really means; they think only that it is some western festival, a carnival, built around a fat, red and white gnome called Santa Claus. Certainly St. Nicholas really existed once upon a time, but what he did then was to celebrate the Day of the Birth of Christ with little gifts to the poor. He was not the spirit of Christmas, and he would be the first to complain that we were overlooking the real meaning of Christmas. Today, the commercialized, high tension orgy splashed around in reds and greens and tinsel and cellophane, the big three day spree consisting of the day before, the day, and the day after, is a pagan mockery, a Saturnalian mockery of a momentous day in Christian history.

Christmas has become a Saturnalia, with New Year's Eve thrown in for good measure. And once again the Christians, the real Christians, have been driven underground to keep alive their faith. Once again, while the most prosperous and powerful nations, Canada and the United States, wallow in the spread of a Godless secularism, while standards get lower and lower, while material luxuries rise higher and higher, the faithful servants of Christ work unceasingly to bring Christ back to Christmas; or rather, they try to regenerate that awe and joy that echoed in the hearts of the Bethlehem shepherds and the three kings almost two thousand years ago. That awe and joy had resounded around the world until it can truly be said that the history of the world as we know it, history touching even the far eastern lands of Asia, is the history of Christianity.

What standards we have of high moral conduct, of freedom, of human rights, of education, have been the legacy of Christ. As Etienne Gilson points out, this legacy is growing thin in secularism. Where today's atheist or agnostic is fairly safe from the savage tyrannies of ancient days, lies in the fact that there is still a residue of moral obligation from which he 'borrows time' in which to deny the source of that morality. The best laws, the best governments, the best education, are built on the solid foundation of Christian ethics, and who is fool enough to deny this is fool indeed.

In ancient Rome, the Rome of the Caesars, the Eternal City, people like Claudia and Marcus came to recognize that Christianity was the only way of life that was worth living, worth dying for. Today, modern Claudias and Marks are finding the same is true. As they realize more and more the stinking corruption that is around them, the perversion of Christianity by self-righteous zealots, (fanatical partisans), the gradual breaking down of law and authority (witness the boldness, the rise in crime!) they become afraid for their own lives, for those of their children, yet being afraid they choose to remain faithful to Christ. It takes as much courage today to be a real Christian as it did in the days of the Roman Empire.

Today, it may not be the ruler who will consign them to death by torture; today it is the fool, the cynic, who ridicule and try to kill the only thing that will save them from a tyrant.

SECTION THREE

The New Canadian

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

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Knocking Forty

By W. K.

Yuletide is the Time when Niseis Nearing Forty Can Reflect on Past Events and Then Look Ahead

THE FALL, THIS YEAR, has been sunny and lingering. But now, quietly out of the night, the first snowfall has come drifting downward over rooftops and bare trees. Suddenly, unexpectedly, Christmas is just so many shopping days away. A mighty impulse seizes you. Up! Up! Off your backside, and into the fray!

Leap to the impulse! But the flesh is frail. And besides, with close to forty Christmases behind you, you're all for canny planning of the expedition before you. A carefully-thought-out Christmas list, within a budget figure—that's the first step. And these days you've learned to do your best thinking from a prone stance. All hail the stance!

* * *

These days, I'm sure, more than a few Nisei share this position with me. The fact is we're rapidly knocking forty—and finding it necessary, inevitable and attractive to admit it with grace. We look forward to another Christmas again, of course. But we can't help looking back, too. At a series of Yuletides, in many different parts of the country now. When we were close to each one they seemed so much alike. Instead, how far is the last from the first.

Each is a milestone in the steady erosion of youth with experience. With forty just around the corner, and our quick protest noticeably slowing, the process moves on.

Someone has said that except in extreme cases memory is apt to count the sunny hours. Perhaps the odd one of us is an exception,—hearkening back to early privation in struggling homes, the clash of cultures dividing families, or the pain of racial stigma culminating in evacuation.

But most of us can and do look back to count the sunny hours. First, it seems to me, because in spite of all the real handicaps, we were secure in our homes and families. Whatever may be said of our economic and sociological inheritance—or, indeed of the lack of it,—I think we owe a very great gift of personal, psychological stability to our fathers and mothers. And second, no doubt, because we were young enough to welcome experience as something new and fresh, something valuable for its own sake.

Not that it was necessarily a happy experience. On the contrary, our childhood and youth were often touched with more than ordinary fear and pain, with broken illusion and defeat. But as we recall it, everything we did seemed so much worthwhile doing with all the energy and feeling we could command. To play a game was to strain every muscle and nerve. To secure knowledge and learning was worth scrimping pennies and all the midnight oil in China. To win "our cause" justified all the wrangling, the sweat, the tired, aching mind. To win a girl, dance through the night and walk home for miles.

Today, as we look back, so much of the actual detail of youthful experience recedes so quickly. So it's not so much the passing of the "lovely events" we mourn. But what the memory does seem to sift out more strongly than ever is the recollection of how keenly we were able to feel about the passing events, the trivial events, of day-to-day.

There was a girl you admired from afar for weeks and months and months. And then there was the opportunity. A dance, a walk home on a June night, the dark shadow of a friendly maple,—a first, gentle kiss. When you're knocking forty, you can't mourn the passing of such a kiss. But what you are afraid to lose, what you hate to feel slipping away forever, is the capacity for knowing how achingly wonderful, how poignantly important, such little things can be. And all such little things.

You can't go home again. There's the sadness to the thought of it. The sense of regret that we Nisei oldsters cannot deny. And the Yuletide season, of all times, is the sharpest time for nostalgic yearning. Is it any wonder we're not too sure of each new Christmas? And so quickly tempted to borrow some bottled cheerfulness?

But if we're knocking forty, some other things are happening to us too. The same Hand that seems to turn the drafts on the fire a little lower each year, seems also to endow the cooler flame with surer light. For strange to say, when we've accepted our youthful past for what it is, bowed to its fleetingness, the light suggests a vastly greater stage than any we had ever known existed. And as we grope our way upon it, its vastness expands with every step. Indeed, whole new worlds are opening up. Worlds of experience, worlds of feeling and perception, worlds of knowledge and understanding, and an illimitable search for all of these.

Be of good cheer, friends, though the poignancy of youth dissolves in joints that slow and muscles that slack. Life does begin at forty, if the mind and heart are ready for it. And this passing of youth is after all a preparation for voyages of discovery no less entrancing than those of the past.

I think it true that many of us must now be launched upon these voyages. The horizon is no longer bound to the youthful Nisei world, to its exclusive aspirations, its social whirl or its passionate athletics. The horizon now reaches out to the broad world itself, affording the unity of the two, the absorption of the smaller in the larger.

So we are learning the day-to-day meaning and patterns of our own communities and our country—their economies and politics and sociology and their impact upon our own lives. So, too, the larger perplexities of mankind around the globe, seeking a reply to the threat of atomic desolation. These, we come to realize, are all questions of today, important to us and our families, and the mind seeking answers can be as youthful as ever.

The horizons in space are invitations to horizons in time. First, toward the past, because there our knowledge is surer and our understanding can be more concrete. So we are delving into history, to find the factual recitation of how we came to be—"the slow drift of mankind towards civilization"—is adventure and fascination in itself.

But what is civilization? We look for answers behind the facade of technology and scientific achievement. And the significance of art and beauty is borne upon us like new-found revelation. The beauty of sight, and sound, and literature—and the unending enjoyment it affords. Our response, intuitive and stumbling in the past, can grow in meaning and sensitivity as our experience accumulates and perception deepens.

Does all this leave any opportunity for decay of heart and mind? Indeed the horizon is lifted still higher, and we are led to further vistas—the vast realms of truth and philosophy, awaiting exploration by anyone who cares to enter. Here are the challenging, labyrinthine ideas, whose ultimate purpose is perspective and understanding. Some can come to it, in simple faith, early or late, as Christmas surely reminds us. Others of us, knocking forty now, and turning our backs upon "the fires of spring", have the chance to search. The beauty of it, we discover, is that the experience of the search is so much worthwhile just in itself.

It's not bad, in short, to be knocking forty. I'm really beginning to enjoy it.

Kaz Suga -- 'Pride of the St. Jerome Lions'

A small item in the sports pages of Montreal newspapers this fall, mentioned that the St. Jerome Lions had won the 1952 Championship in the Laurentide League, carrying home with them the Rose Trophy, presented for the first time this year to the winning team in the Laurentide League.

It was a big day for the home town of St. Jerome. The "Lions" had presented a formidable front, taking the championship four games against 0 in the finals, after winning 4-2, 4-2 in the quarter-finals and the semi-finals, respectively.

To Kaz Suga, the only Nisei on the team, it meant more than winning the championship. It meant that the boys on the team had faith in Kaz' ability. It meant that his fans held him in high regard. To a baseball player perhaps that is the biggest thrill in his whole lifetime—to know that his team and his fans are rooting for him.

To a veteran player like Kaz, who began as bat boy for the Asahi team in Vancouver, who played his first major game at 15 at Con Jones' Park, today competing with younger, fresher players when his sports colleagues of Vancouver days are content to stay at home, it was evidence that he's still not ready to "hang up his gloves" as he will often say when asked, "Playing baseball this year, Kaz?"

Not that Kaz is through by a long shot. To Kaz baseball is his sole life. Though his pals of Vancouver days have long ago deserted the diamond, Kaz has been playing ever since he came out east. He has been playing consistently good ball for one team or another since 1945 and doing a kind of "friendly relations" job through baseball for Niseis. In 1945 he played with the championship team in the Senior City League of Montreal; in the next two years he played with the Provincial League for St. Johns, Que., winning the championship for 1947; in 1948 he travelled 420 miles every weekend for the Mont Joli Team, and since then has been with the "Lions", pennant winner for 1951 and Rose Trophy winner this year.

Each year Kaz goes on piling record upon record to his own personal baseball history, and as will always happen, Montrealers have come to taking his success for granted. And Kaz would have gone on in his friendly, good-natured way, and Niseiville would never have known how popular he is in the baseball world had it not been for a freak accident.

Kaz almost missed finishing with the "Lions" this year. During one of the season's games, he tried to steal a base and landed in the hospital. With twenty stitches to his torn knee.

(Cont'd on P. 16)



Let's Talk About Mom

By M. SITARR

a different look at "momism" and the complexes that could result in immaturity and inadequacy.

"Mom" is probably the most emotionally loaded word in our vocabulary for regardless what mom was or is, in reality she had her hand, whether it was harsh or gentle, in molding us all. For the child, mom is not only the great dispenser of pleasure, love, and protection but also the ruthless thwarter and frustrator. The conflict of clinging to or rejecting a mom is so devastating that for the vast majority of men and women, they are made or broken before their ten years on this earth.

The word "mom" is a convenient label for the woman who has failed in weaning off her offsprings emotionally as well as physically; as a consequence, she has produced a crop of immature Niseis and threatens to produce a like number of immature Sanseis.

Webster defines maturity as a "state or quality of being mature; ripeness, full development", but it is more than just that. Psychiatrist Strecker defines it as a complex mixture of personality qualities which includes the ability to see a job through, no matter what, an inherent desire always to give more than is asked or required in any given situation. It is the quality that makes other people say "there's a reliable person". It is independence of thought and action, a capacity to co-operate and work with others, either in an organization or under authority. A mature person is pliable and not rigid and can alter his own desires according to time, place and circumstances. It means being tolerant, patient, adaptable and human. Such a mature person is not born, it is not a hereditary trait but it is the result of early background, environment and the training of an unselfish love of parents who were mature.

What does mom look like? Well she may be tall, short, thin, white haired, black haired, fat, ugly, beautiful, wears smart clothes or wears something that hangs on her like a potato sack. She may be a college graduate or someone who has not been past the 3rd grade. She may know how to balance a cup and saucer a la Emily Post or she may slurp up her soup like a dog.

Whatever differences may occur, moms all have one thing in common; they keep their children in psychological swaddling clothes. How many Issei moms still invade the private lives of their daughters who are in their twenties and even thirties? How many Nisei girls have received adequate sex instruction and a healthy perspective on sex and that goes for the Nisei boys too? How many Nisei parents are informed and emotionally capable of imparting healthy sex perspective to their offspring?

Take a look at mom. She is likely to be a sweet old thing, sacrificing everything for her children and not the stern, domineering mom although there are plenty of that variety. But they have one thing in common of needling, wheedling gently, browbeating, or some other means of insisting that her children fall upon her alter of needs. Pollyannish aphorisms, soothing bromides and tear-jerking tactics all form the weapons that mom uses to mold and keep her children in line. Not only the children but sometimes and not infrequently, the father becomes enmeshed in mom's incessant demands. We all can think of a case where the mom wears the pants in the family and constantly harasses the family.

In examining moms, we find there are roughly seven varieties and we will discuss each type in turn. And as each one is described, try to picture such a mom by searching for an example amongst the moms of acquaintances you may know or perhaps of whom you have heard and by the description she fits into the category.

The first kind is the common garden variety mom. She takes no end of trouble and spares herself no pains in selecting clothes for her grown up children. She supervises how much makeup to use, determine who shall be their friends, determines how they should act, what sort of opinions they should hold, in fact under the guise that mom is older and wiser, practically does all their thinking for them. Naturally, this does not mean the mature and wise guidance that mothers must give but it is the domineering kind. This may be hard and arbitrary but more often it is soft, persuasive and somewhat devious. It is so subtle that it goes undetected except to the trained observer.

Direct statements like "You mustn't buy that dress", "Don't bring that uncouth boy into this house again", or "Don't enter the army" are usually never used. But a very subtle indirect method whereby the child or the grown 21-year-old is made to feel that by such actions, mom is going to be hurt but mom is being very brave and trying not to show this hurt. This very soft method is most effective in frustrating and blocking the independent wishes and thoughts and actions of the offsprings.

The self sacrificing mom is relatively frequent among the Issei moms. By her actions, she lets her children believe that she doesn't care how she looks or feels for in her heart there is the unselfish joy in service for her children. The house, and everything in the house, belongs to the children. It must be just so for them.

Meals are prepared with infinite care, they must be attractive, nourishing, and contain enough vitamins and goodies are always present. In addition food is always available, there is no need to stop in at the drive-in after that basketball game for mom has a snack prepared. The minute the door is opened, mom calls out whether it be after midnight or not, in her sweet voice, reminding them of the goodies in the ice-box. In such a house, there are no buttons missing from garments. Everything is put into its proper place. When you want something, mom will get it for you. There is no need to hang up your coat—you toss it in a heap in the nearest and the handiest place, and mother will be right there to pick it up and put it in its right spot. Mom is on the job 24 hours a day. Just ask for anything and mom will get it for you. Mom thinks it is the perfect home. From the top floor to the basement, mom's feet go pattering, chasing after things for her 21-year-old children. No wonder mom is puzzled and hurt if her children, 14, 25 or 35, do not wish to spend every moment with her in this perfect home. Where else can they get what I give them, she asks.

But what happens to a Nisei who goes out to work in a distant city if he ever got enough strength to leave home? He is constantly reminded that mom misses him and could he come home? No one looks after his clothes. He finds that in the outside world, he is no longer waited on hand and foot. He is unable to cope with reality demands. If he should marry he expects his wife to pick up where his mom left off and such a marriage is apt to be a dismal failure, for mom's voice will always be calling him back to the nest.

The ailing mom who has given all her strength in bearing her children is the next variety. Now in middle life she is too pitifully weak to even raise a finger. However, according to the doctor's verdict, there is nothing wrong with her physically. She lets all her neighbours know that she is not very strong, and by indirect means she constantly lets her children know that they were the root cause of her spent life. Some of her children of course know this, bitterly and resentfully, but there may be one or two who know it lovingly and pityingly. Usually this is a daughter but sometimes it is a son.

The psychological [illegible] is drawn tight, mom's life was sacrificed for the child's life, a life for a life, that's fair enough. But is it? Too many broken and frightened men and women have suddenly awakened after the death of such a mom to find that it was too late to enter into the stream of life. All their friends and acquaintances have married and have entered into a new life. The product of such a mom is helpless and alone.

But deep behind the screen of the memory of the love and self-sacrifice, there is a shadow which threatens to become dark and distinct, carrying a picture of bitterness and hatred against the mom who ground them under the heels of her selfish life. Such a person, if the hostility is not turned inward, may burst forth in active hostility against the world in general. They make life miserable for others. They are the chronic complainers, the criticizers, the perceivers of flaws and imperfections.

Pollyana mom is soft and says that the children must never say any hasty words to one another. All arguments and disagreements are taboo—the children must not fight for they all love each other. The home is so beautiful and delicate and artificial like a waxen apple which looks so good to eat but tastes so horrible. This house is too holy, like a sanctuary from the demands of reality, which is so traumatic, that they fear the world. And as immature 35-year-olds they fear to even tip toe towards reality.

Protective mom, equipped with radar-like eyes, always sees dangers for her children and is always there to protect them. She places herself between the father and the child, the teacher and the child, other children and the child. Between the child and the mom there is a silent pact. When father punishes for wrong doing, mom is there feeling for the child, and the child will be swept up into her arms, petted and solaced, given emotional and material rewards for being so grave. But in adult life, such a child finds that mom can no longer protect him from the realities of life.

A "pretty addlepate" is rare among the Issei moms but not so rare with the Nisei moms. She is always seeking pleasure away from the home. She is narcissistic, constantly performing rituals involving clothing, cosmetics, perfumes, hairdos or dieting. She is pleasing to the eyes of others as well as her children as she leaves for some party all sweetened up. Mom is rarely visible to herself unless she is just so. And for her children, beauty cult becomes the shrine to worship. For her sons, womanhood means physical pulchritude.

Pseudo-intellectual mom is forever taking courses, attending lectures, but not seriously learning anything or informing herself thoroughly on anything. One month it is child psychology, next painting, followed by metaphysics and so on. But her owlish heavily rimmed glasses are fascinating to her children but the mind behind such a pair of glasses is just as immature as the common garden variety of moms.

But wait, the joys of momism are not limited to the females, oh no! Pop can be a mom too. The fact that he wears the pants is not a sure indication of sex today.

Pop who is mom, may never punish his children but always makes the mother the villain. When mother is trying to teach the value of money, pop may slip them extra dimes. Poor pop has his troubles, his head aches, his feet hurt, mother is not understanding, and having exhausted mother by his demands, he turns to his daughter. He lays his

LET'S TALK ABOUT MOM

...ubles upon her receptive lap ...ually vaguely and sadly intimating that mother does not understand. Daughter's role in life is to love and help pop. She fetches and carries for him, gives him aspirins, strokes his tired brow, sits quietly at his side for hours, figuratively and actually holding his hand. When a male parent succeeds in psychologically seducing his own daughter he has attained the ultimate in male egoism.

One of the meanest weapons used by the immature husband is the petty way he bolsters his ego and infantalizes his wife by doling out money to her. She is made to account for every cent, and on the other hand, he keeps her ignorant of just how much he makes. Amongst the Issei pops this is not an infrequent trick. On the other hand, we sometimes see an Issei pop who turns over his entire pay to mother and then receives in return a certain amount for current expenses. He derives his thrill in wheedling an extra dollar or two from his wife, in the same way he used to wheedle a penny or so from his mom.

An immature husband can never make up his mind, he is too tired and all worn out to think about it. On the other hand he is resentful if he is not consulted. Such a pop never tells his sons about the facts of life, but this is a good thing since his immature conceptions of sex would create havoc.

In addition there are moms by proxy. Grandmothers and mother-in-laws, are the most common. They constantly rant and rave at the daughter who is married with such taunting things as, "You are losing your looks", "All men are alike." They also try to divert loyalty of the children away from the mother to themselves. There are still more moms by proxy, such as older children, bachelor uncles, spinster aunts, old family friends and governesses.

Religion can be a mom too. Perhaps the greatest boon of religion is letting people feel dependent. When they are weak and frightened, they can go to God, who is a tower of strength, and who will support them. When they lose face, or feel humiliated, they can take their mistakes and inadequacies to Him. When failure crushes them, the sting of defeat can be smoothed over.

This type does not even have to account for the ordinary problems of life, they think God will overlook his failures and accept him as he is if he goes to Him humbly and confesses. God will look after him and protect him from the consequences of what he does or did not do. In this way, religion may become a narcotic for some people who justify themselves and their failure to get along with people and to seriously meet the problems of living in an realistic world. Religion becomes another mom surrogate in which something which had a noble purpose is made to mumble benedictions upon the failures, inadequacies and selfishness of the immature.

Moms leave scattered in this world a host of children who latch onto some movement, whatever it might be. They feel they have to save the world. These people are found sometimes acting as censors for the state movie boards. They receive a vicarious thrill in watching pornographic films and have such terrific guilt feelings which they want to punish that they must censor all traces of sex. Then others are found carrying the banner for some labour organization or some such political outfit. With their horn-el-rimmed glasses and one-track mind, they race about spreading their particular kind of gospel.

Our cultural heritage is a natural for politicians who ride into office by fanning the fires of momism. It has a natural vote-getting appeal—mom is giving so much and has taken so little in return. They have contributed their boys to the frozen mud of Korea. But the army knows through the appalling numbers of rejections of draftees on psychological grounds, just how many immature people are being produced by our present society. Those who survived the induction, who later under stress broke down and discharged as unfit medically are just as appalling, in number.

I can recall the sociologist Dr. Forrest LaViolette telling the story of a family. It happened in Oregon, I believe, although it really does not make any difference just where it was. But this story revolved around a truck gardener with a 26-year-old son. This grown son was still working for his father and although he drove the truck into town with the produce, his father did all the negotiations. Dr. LaViolette remarked that in a white family, a son 26 would be married and would be engaged in doing things for himself. He was pointing out how immature Niseis were in some cases.

You do not need to go out that far, look around you and you will see plenty of immature Niseis and their moms. In some cases it has resulted in a real tragedy. For example, there is one family which has completely disintegrated and if something is not done soon, we can only predict further tragedy for the remaining members.

The pop in this family was a stern, rigid individual who felt that he alone should determine the fate of all members of the family, and he did just that. He completely rejected the older son in favour of the second and ignored the other sons. There was so much hostility and bickering between the pop and the oldest son, with mom in the centre trying her best to protect the son that it created an impossible situation. When the choice came, the son in order to get away, chose to go to Japan.

Under the stress and strain, mom's mind cracked. Although she is still able to cook, keep house, she has no contact with reality. Only in fleeting moments does she recognize people whom she knew well. In a compulsive, automatic fashion she goes through the routine task of preparing meals and cleaning house, which she has done all her life. When that is done, she crouches behind the kitchen stove munching on a piece of bread or eating noodles or performing some other ludicrous activity. Then several times a day, she dashes buckets of water on the floor and scrubs it immaculately.

In the meantime, pop died leaving the products of his immaturity. The second son has completely rejected the family. The third son seems to be the only one concerned with the situation, working and contributing to the upkeep of the home. The other children remain at home but what sort of life can that be? The two youngest are girls in their early twenties and they are just existing in a social climate where no warmth or satisfying relationship prevail. They have not been taught or have they acquired any social skills necessary to meet the demands of reality.

However tragic this case may be, the less conspicuous ones should receive more attention for there are great numbers of them. Some parents are so wrapped up in getting ahead that the children are forced to take piano, ballet lessons and other things aping the upper middle class values. These moms will tell of the sacrifices they are making to give their children everything that they never had. In reality they are living out their needs by draining the emotional life of the children. When the children grew up, mom will be on hand to make sure the children will marry the right person. The right person being someone, with a high level prestige job, preferably some profession. Mom will speak of democracy, equality, toleration but there are only words to her, they will not have a deep emotional meaning to her.

Products of such a mom may find retreat in a bottle, a complete negation of individual personality, becoming a mom personality themselves. Their aspiration level is set so high and their performance and achievement never reach it with the result that there is nothing but constant frustration and a feeling of inadequacy. Immature moms and pops tend to produce more immature children. And you will find these immature children living at home with mom and pop whether they are 25 or 35. Others you will find just drifting around, unable to hold onto any job, unable to establish any satisfactory social relationships, gambling and drinking when they have money.

It is clear then that the paramount function of any Nisei organization must be towards maturing the Nisei. It should provide a way for the Nisei to seek, attain and enhance his self-esteem. It should provide the opportunity and setting to learn how to accept oneself as he is, to keep his aspirations in line with his capacity. It should provide satisfying inter-personal relationships. For from the cradle to the grave, humans seek to maintain and enhance their self-perception.

しからないで

トロント　タ　エ

やっぱりシカらないで坊やを育てあげよう。

「お前がシカらないからあまえる」と夫に言われ、「もう少しわかるようになってから三つになってから、四つになってから、大人になつたらあまねよと言つてもあまえてくれません」と、そんな度に言って、しまいには「いくつになつてもシカるものか、スポイルしてしまう」と言われたものですが、早や坊やも五つをすぎました。

もう五つになつたのだからたまにはヒドくシカって、たたいた方が坊やのためと思ってシカって、たたいてみたけれど、その度かえつて私の心は「何故たたいて泣かせたのか、泣かせなくとも、なだめてさとし、よく言いきかせる法があつたではないか」とせめ、ささやく。

「坊やをよくするためにと思うお前の心をもう一度よく洗つてみてごらん。自分がシカらずには、たたかやには居れなかつたくせに」「本當です、本當です、坊やごめんなさいね。」

やっぱりシカらないで育てよう。可愛いからではなく、一人子だからではなく、どんな時もやっぱりシカらないで育てよう。

シカりたい時ほど、たたきたい時ほど、心をおちつけて祈る気持で、さとそう。坊やはもうききわけが出来ているのですから、シカらないですみます。今こそシカるのは私が悪いのです。足りないのです。

一人の子供であつても、十人の子供があつても、一人一人神様からいただいた大事な大事な子供です。一人子で可愛いものだから、あまやかしていると人々が噂しても、噂されても、私の心はそうじやないのです。「シカらないからスポイルする」と心配した夫もこのごろは、五つを過ぎてききわけのよい坊やを見て坊やがぐづぐづ言う時はかげで私に「どこか工合が悪いのだろうか」と心配し、決して前のように「シカらないからあまねている」とは言わなくなりました。

やっぱりシカらないで坊やを育てよう。シカらないで坊やを育てあげよう。

暁鐘

トロント　小財新衍浪

暁鐘！

ボン、ボーン

凍てついた大都を震わせてセテイ・ホールの時鐘の響

とにかくに新春の秒一秒

新たなる一歩を踏み出した心の張りに。

あゝ、新年の〇一秒

スキッチ切らず待てとラヂオは告げる。

長い闘の遺骸と卑屈と溜息とに別れを告げて——

今年こそは、今年こそはと元旦の暁の鐘は教える。

眼を開け、胸をひろげよ。

大らかに望を樹てて

この新春にジックリと

今年の心構えを胸に刻もう

菊も咲いて

チャザム　藤井てるよ

凍車の窓もみじに故郷の夢のせて

菊も咲き明るき家やベビー生る

木枯に旗のごとおしめなびかせて

平原州の秋

ヴァイパー　鹿又美好

秋澄みて夜の更け渡る静やかさ

寝ながらに聞く虫のなき聲

果てもなく黄金の色の實る麥

明日も日和か夕焼けて秋の入日の茜紫色に　平和あふるゝ空の色

コスモスの赤白亂れ秋虫の聲もほそりて風のつめたき

満ちたる心

トロント　池田照波

家族みな揃うてあおぐ初御空今朝は特に輝いてあり

日本物何不足なき世となりて昔にかえる新賀客かな

唯一人きびしく浮世渡りけり子孫ひつみて満ち足れしいま

亡き夫さぞや喜び給うらん脊丈のびにし子等の姿に

大洞武光
悦子
7 Preston Road, Toronto, Ont. Phone RE. 7358

大垣麻治
家族一同
353 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone PR. 1059

鬼崎富士太郎
久子
菅木勇夫
24 Augusta Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM 4-5355

大橋留吉
すみ
家族一同
12 Simpson Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone GE. 1945

大限千助
アイ
信子
171 Emerson Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone ME. 6177

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併て各地同胞の健在を祈る

大村八三
松枝
12 Bellevue Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 4-1373

岡崎清助
同 清人
10 Phoebe Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 4-3373

岡田治作
家族一同
232 Stirling Road, Toronto, Ont.

清水小三郎
英
家族一同
131 Ivy Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

瀬戸幾太郎
ヤス
23 D'Arcy Street, Toronto, Ont.

角利顕
おらそ
家族一同
66 Atlas Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 3719

佐久間太重
家族一同
85 Beaconsfield Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone KE. 6195

三宮もりを
三宮龍夫
家族一同
149 Bentcliffe Road, Leaside, Ont. Phone MA. 6350

新晋太郎
同 エダ
159 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont. Phone MI. 7767

高橋時右エ門
家族一同
283 Dundas Street East, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 4-5672

菅森孫太郎
松子
家族一同
53 Mortimer Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone GE. 1694

立石猪之助
家族一同
673 Beresford Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

高橋幸一
家族一同
228 Stirling Road, Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 1076

田頭六郎
169-A John Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 4-2651

谷石権四郎
静枝
家族一同
57 Cecil Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 3-0982

田村清作
千春
家族一同
262 Howland Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

戸鼻保
幸子
159 Grange Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 3-8723

謹賀新年

田中時一
キズエ
葦

田中光顕
綾子（シャーレー）
14 Oxford Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone PR. 2203

渡源太郎
家族一同
22 St. Andrew Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 6-4758

若林與吉
キノ
家族一同
63 Metcalfe Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone RA. 9202

矢野清親
つぎ
家族一同
20 Hurndale Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

山岡清太郎
ハツ
セツ
イジン
106 Invermay Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

谷田都つね
39 Hendrick Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone LO. 5395

時計屋
山崎庄太郎
家族一同
63 Foxley Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 3292

矢島繁雄
朝枝
102 Bellevue Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone KI. 2883

吉田國定
すト

神田良雄
富佐子

南
家族一同
101 Grange Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 6-2684

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
千葉松子
家族一同
801 Eastern Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
井手律
家族一同
66 Bainbridge Avenue, Wilson Height P.O., Ont.

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
平廣治
美輝子
55 Sullivan Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 4-8629

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
坂口豊喜
静枝
859 Woodbine Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone OX. 7676

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
佐藤チカ
家族一同
岩井俊人
同 廣子
117 Lansdowne Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
瀧本直吉
家族一同
11 Frankdale Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

足立庫二郎
家族一同
35 Tennis Crescent, Toronto, Ont. Phone HA. 0581

藤田彦作
174 Hastings Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone HA. 3761

藤岡清一
家族一同
10 Bartlett Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 3433

早川政德
家族一同
214 Gilmour Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone JU. 1504

堀川長太郎
家族一同
167 Baldwin Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 4-5558

入澤佐和市
家族一同
334 Ontario Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone MI. 5919

木村義一
家族一同
36 Elm Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone WA. 4313

料治一太
勢津子
家族一同
1047 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

佐藤定
10 Mitchell Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 3-9824

清水吉次
スズ
703 Dupont Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone LA. 7988

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺く
田尻寅男
昭
38 Peterboro Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Phone ME. 2238

或るバク徒の言葉

モントリオル 高橋生

私は時にこんなことを思い出して見ることがある。それは私がこのカナダへ初めて渡航した船中での話であるから今から三十年も昔のことである。

一九二二年の三月、青年と呼ぶにはまだ一寸可愛相な田舎の若者が父と同伴で横濱から出た商船ハワイ丸に乗つてカナダへと來たのである。

船客は百五十名位で再渡航者が多く、青年は私たち兄弟だけで婦人は四、五名、いずれも寫眞結婚の人達であつた。

毎日々々山のような波ばかりで、私は一週間位頭が上らなかつた。幾度も航海している人の話では、船が餘り北へ寄り過ぎているから、こんなにシケを食うのだと言うことだつた。

船は止むことなしにギイギイと泣いていた。何ぶん五千トンほどの小船が、一つの波にすくい上げられると船は立ち上り、尻の方へ過ぎると頭を海中にもぐらせる。その度に雷のような音が船のウメキに勝勢して、初航海の私は、生きた心地はしなかつた。少年時代、おばあさんが怖い時にはナンミャンダーと言うのだと教えてくれた、そのナンマン・ダーを幾度繰り返したか知れない。

十二日で着く筈の定期船が十五日、而も、日もとつぷりと暮れて、つかれた姿でビクトリアへ入港した時、マストが一本折れていたことを船員から聞かされた。

こうしてビクトリアに着いたわけだが、想いを太平洋の眞中まで引きもどして、私の語ろうとするバク徒の言葉を追想しなければならない。

横濱を出帆して、これから十二日も船で暮さねばならぬかと思うと、船のいやな臭いが胸につかれてくる。頭がふらふらとなつて、私はベッドに入つてしまつた。元氣な婦人の話聲も次第に止んで静かになつた。

―と思うと男の人達は、この頃から『ハッチ』(荷物を積み込む穴)の上でテーブル遊びをはじめた。

あの當時の三等船客は、戰前の日枝丸や氷川丸のような立派な設備ではなかつた。悪く言えば、三等船客は飯を食わせる荷物だつたのだ。ハッチの廻りにベッドがあつて、ヒートもなく、食事と便所へ行く以外はベッドの中へもぐつていなければ寒くてやりきれなかつた。

私達の近くにシアトルへ行くという人が二人いた。どちらも五十を越した年輩で、一人は商人のようであつた。他の一人は背も高く、田舎者の私には、シアトルへ行く人はカナダへ行く人達よりも立派な人のように思えた。今、私が語ろうとするのは、後者のオヂさんについてである。私はその人達をオヂさんと呼んでいた。從つてその人の名前が何んどいうのであつたかは覺えていない。

・テーブルの遊びは夜晝なしに續けられていた。何百圓という勝負の大バクチであつたオヂさんは私の父に『君はこんなよい息子(私と弟)を持つて、遊びごとなど止し給へ。つまらんではないか。』と言つてくれた。この人は、船中で一度もバクチを打たなかつたのみでなく、テーブルの近くへも寄りつかなかつた。

そして父のいない時に私達に『わしはあちらで、こんなことばかりやつて、これまで暮してきたが、これから世の中へ出る君達は、決して遊びごとを覺えてはならん。わしのようなヤクザ者になつてくれるなよ。このオヂサンの言うことを忘れないで立派な人間になつてくれよ。』と、こんこんと説ききかせた。

なぜかこの言葉が、私の耳底から離れない。また或る日こんなことも言つた『遊び人というものは、人の働いた金をテーブルの上でゴマかしてゴロゴロと無意味に生きている、世の中に必要でない奴等だ。わし等は食う資格も生きる權利もない、社會の毒虫のようなもので、こ奴等を、汗水たらして働いて養つているのが、わの違いだ。』

オヂサンは、バクチに熱中している人達をあごで指し、『働く者がなく、遊ぶ人間ばかりであつたら世の中は亡びるのだよ……。』(遊び人ばかりだつたら取る金がないという意味であつたのか?)

私ははじめてこんなことを聴いたのである。『金を儲けて働かなくてもよいようになりたい』ためにカナダまで行くのに、と思つた。

『わしのような暗の世界へ足を入れず、眞面目な人間の社會で生きてくれ……』ということ以外に他意なかつたオヂサンの言葉の一句一句が白紙のような私の魂に、それこそ全く別な社會觀、人生觀の芽が吹きこまれていたのではないか?

バク徒といえば無智、恥知らずの無頼漢、人殺しの別名である。

そうしたヤクザ者の中で自分の姿をハッキリと認め、自ら落ち込んだ穴にこの無垢な青年を落したくないという眞心からの祈りは、單に私がバクに足を踏み入れなかつただけではなく、人類社會の進化と明日の社會に對して、心の準備を多少でも持つことの出來たことは、オヂサンへのせめてもの花向けである。

長生きす

「天籟同人」山畑禄郎

登りゆく白蝶高虞の石の窓
蝶離れ貨車一輌書き出す
病室の金魚浮遊の音色吐く
子の足が蚊帳を突つぱり虫音引く
柿粒を天に散りばめ長生きす
渋柿が天に垂たし妊婦坐す
てつぺんの柿を花としわれも過ぐ
晩秋の秋情炎の犬どさどさ出づ
雪振れり腸に摘まむ捷粗し
スキー列車トランプめくる女の膝

萬の文字

梶岡北斗

献じたる秋果神父の祝福享け
ミサ初まる神父の祈る異中に喫き
クリスマス聲張り上げて聖歌に和し
聖餐につき家主として先ず祈る
聖菓頒つ妻はゝ笑みてこれを享け
聖歌隊解かれて聖菓各々持つ
聖菓切る刄先きカヂリと皿に觸れ
寒燈に映る聖書の萬の文字
師走人抜けでしそこに占師
除夜の鐘鳴り終るまでは厨妻

賀正

森戸貞一
同 ツル
同 一隆
同 百代
8 Rainsford Road
Toronto, Ont.
Phone OX. 8021

クリスマスを祝し
新年を慶賀します

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R. R. #2, Leamington, Ont.
Phone Leamington 1280W-3

A Very Merry Christmas And A Happy New Year

理想家故鈴木悦氏の面影（一）

トロント 佐久間太重

トルストイと鈴木さん

世の中に得難いのは傑れた人物である。鈴木さんは、その一人者として世に稀に見る天才的の人で早世したのは惜しいことであつた。鈴木さんは日本へ帰る時に在加同胞へ留別の辭を殘して歸國し、それが永久の別れとなつた。その偉業は同胞社會に永久に輝いて行くであろう。

茲に鈴木さんの業績を記するに當り、それは別に鈴木さんの記念會や新聞紙上で友人達が委しく述べているので、私が拙い筆で繰返す必要もないが、たゞ鈴木さんの琴線に觸れた二、三を具体的に述べてみたい。

鈴木さんは早大英文科出身の著述家として世に名をなして居り、トルストイの思想に共鳴してその著書の多くを翻譯している。トルストイの著書といわば有名な「復活」が心に浮ぶ。トルストイはその「復活」を著述するに際しペンを取つては擱き、又ペンを取るという風に大して急ぐ様子もなく、心のむくまゝに書くというのであつた。ところが一八九五年カフカズにヅホボール教徒事件が起つた。ヅホボールは十八世紀の中頃からロシアに發生した一宗教で原始的基督教の教義を嚴守するところの徹底的無抵抗主義と同胞主義を實行すると共に、一方神の王國のみを認めて、國家、法律、兵隊の義務というようなもののオキテは一切認めないとした團体である。即ちトルストイの教義をそのまゝ實行しているもので、それがため政府はあらゆる迫害を彼等に加え、一八九五年にはカザックをして彼等を殺戮せしめ、一千餘名の教徒は悲惨の最後を遂げた。然し彼等の堅忍不抜の信仰心は豪もゆるがず、政府もその處理に困り遂に彼等に國外追放を命じた。然し彼等はそれに要する旅費がなく、既にこれまでも幾度か世人に訴えて彼等を扶助して來たトルストイは、かねて書きかけていた「復活」を急いで書き上げて、その原稿料全部を彼等のカナダへの移住費として提供した。「復活」の出版は實にこの崇高なる人道的精神の發露から來たものである。

この「復活」は職業的に書いたものではなくて、以上述べた如く、身のやり場に困つている一族を救わんがために、トルストイが必生の努力を拂つて書き上げたところに、涙ぐましい秘話がこもつて居り、それ故に「復活」は世に廣く推奨されているのである。それについて一寸書き添えたいことは、ルイ・フィリップの著書中に以下のようなことがあることである。即ち著者がアンリ・ヴアンドピユッに宛てた手紙の一節にこうある。

『君はトルストイの復活を讀んだことがあるか？それは最も偉大な書物の一つだもしまだなら是非讀みたまへ、あれを讀まないうちは君の自由生活は完全とは云えないだろう。あの中には人が是非讀まねばならぬものがある。次の手紙でそれについて僕に話したまへ。僕は繰返して言うが、君はあの本を讀まないで濟ますことは出來ない。』

大分横道にすべり込んだが鈴木さんの人道的思想の淵源を汲んでいるのではなかろうか。鈴木さんは日本で記者をしていたというが、帝國主義の覊絆の下に於ける操觚界にあつて、自由に筆を揮えないところにおさまつていえような性格の人ではなく、日本の言論界に見切りをつけて、カナダに飛び出して來たということも當然なことと思われる



在りし日の 鈴木悦氏

ニューカナディアン

クリスマス新年特別號（第三部）

鈴木悦氏と演説と

内田一作

『君も一緒に行って、一席やれ』ということになった――ハモンド青年會の演説會だった。

久しく田舎へ行ったことがないので、ハモンドまでの汽車旅に心引かれた僕は、半ば遊びという氣で、勞働組合からの應援辯士となって、鈴木悦氏と梅月高市兄について行った。

農繁期のすんだ、初秋のサンデーだったと思う。僕たちののったスモーキングカーは、がらあきで、僕は鈴木さんと同じシートに座り、梅月兄は二つ三つ先の方に行って、頭だけみせていた。

『君は、演説の用意はできているのか？』

窓の方ばかり向いていた僕を認めた鈴木さんは、そう言いながら、熱心に演説のノートらしいものを作っていられた。

『うゝ……』と生返事した僕は、自分が組合に入った体驗だけをいうつもりだからというようなことをいって、言葉をにごすと、鈴木さんは『大丈夫なのか……』と、念を押すようにいわれた。應援辯士となって地方に出張するのは初めてのことだし、僕にとっては處女演説だったので、外ばかり眺めていゝ氣になっている僕が、氣になった鈴木さんだったに違いないのだが、その場の僕は格別氣にもとめず、田舎の風景の中で胸をふくらましていたようだ。

會場は、村の日本語學校だったと思う。中には五六十人の聴衆が集っていた。ハモンドの青年辯士の中には、同郷の瀬戸福太郎兄がいた。僕はつぎつぎに登壇する辯士の演説をいゝ氣持で聴いていたが刻々と自分の番がくることに氣がつくと、下っ腹の方がむずむずし初め、心臓の鼓動が耳に響いてくるような不安を覚え出した。

ハモンドの青年諸君は雄辯家揃いであったし、いうことも、こちらが、ひそかに考えていたのとは違って、こういう人達に向って、今更勞働組合參加の体驗談でもあるまいと思われて來て、僕はすっかり自信を失い、鈴木さんにいって、やらないですました方がよさそうだなどと考えているうちに、自分の番が來てしまった。

司會者に紹介され、手ぶらで演壇に上った僕は、どんな風にしゃべり出したか思い出せないが、いう心算だったことに自信を失ったので、そのとたんまで、考えてもいなかったことを言い出し、惡ボスがどうこうということを言っている自分に氣がついた。それは當時の在加日本人勞働者にとって重大問題だったし、勞働組合の闘爭目標の一つだったので、受迎氣たことをしゃべり出したというようなものではなかったと思うが、なんらの準備もないし、新參のあわれさで、こいつなんとか〆くゝらなければと思いながらも、それを〆くゝる糸口がつかめない。時計を見ると、豫定のタイムはとうに來てしまっているらしいし、聴衆の顔面のどれもこれも、退屈相な顔にみえてくる。

だらしないことだとは思ったが、後は梅月、鈴木の兩氏にお任せする――と、勝手なことをいって、自分でもなにしゃべったのか、わけのわからない演説なるものをやって降壇した。降壇しなにすれちがった梅月兄がにやっと笑った。鈴木さんの方に眼を向けると、鈴木さんは「仕様のない奴だ」とでもいうように苦笑された。

梅月兄は美事にやってのけたし、鈴木さんは百万人の聴衆を前にしているかのようにして、シリアスな熱辯をふるわれたということは覺えているが、なにを言われたかということは思い出せない。こちらの頭腦が、失敗の恥しさと悔悟とで一ぱいだったからであろう。

「……君の演説って、ありやなんだ！戯談じゃないぞ……組合運動は、そんなふざけたものじゃない。」と、怒鳴る鈴木さんの鋭い聲音が、ぴんぴん耳につきささってくる思いだった。

こいつは、叱られても仕様がないと叱られない前から[illegible]まって叱られている覺悟をしたのであったが

その夜、晩香坡への戻りの汽車の中でも、その翌日にも、その次の日にも、鈴木さんは、そのことについては一言もいわれなかった。

ところが、こちらが忘れかけた頃になって、俊子さんが「一作氏この間ハモンドで大變な雄辯ふるったそうね」と、言い出された。「……雄辯かなにかしらないが、とにかく醜態でした」と、いうと、俊子さんは「そう」てなことを言って、

「でも、鈴木は、一作の奴はやればなんでもできるのに怠者だからいけないって、いってゝよ」と、言われた。

僕は、それはその通りかも知れないと合點して、だまった。

汽車の中でノートを作っていられた鈴木さんを思った。當時の北米日本人間での頭腦であり雄辯家として、鈴木さんと並ぶ者がないと言われていた――その人が、田舎の青年會の演説會にのぞむのにも、ちゃんと用意してかゝられる。

それにひきかえ、無智無學の青二才が、特別の準備もなしで、ぶらりと演壇に上るなどは、全く以てをこがましい限りであると、痛くも身にしみたハモンド青年會の演説會であった。――一九五二・十一月

鈴木先生の思い出

（京都）佐々木三二郎

僕はまだ、教科書に出るテニソンやウォルター・スコット位しか知らなかった。梅月君は難しい明治の文豪ものばかり讀んでいたようだった。ほかの諸君は、日本精神や日本主義で、コチ／＼した連中だった。そんなフンイキの中へ鈴木先生が現われた、大陸日報に知性が加わったのは、これからであると思う。

やがて俊子女史もやって來た。鈴木さんに食堂で始めて紹介されたとき、僕は俊子先生の目の美しさにひどく打たれた。印刷室ではみんなが色色なウワサをした。それでも僕らは、この二人に不思議と引付けられて行った。

鈴木先生が島村抱月の門下生で、新進小説家のグループの一人であり、俊子女史が露伴の門人で、大正文學の一流作家であることなどを知ったのは、僕としては初めてのことだった。

鈴木さん、俊子さん、と呼んでいたが、「先生」という敬語を使うべきことを、知らなかったからだ。それにしても日本で育った梅月君が、「先生」と云わなかったのを、今でも不思議に思っている。

僕らは日曜日ごとに、どこへ行くにもお伴をした。平日でも夕方の散歩のおともをした。そしてウルサイまで何でも尋ねた。何を聞いても二人の先生から答えの得られないことはなかった。あくことを知らぬ僕らの知識欲は、グングン擴がって行った。

イプセン、ハウプトマン、ストリンドベルヒ、トルストイ、ツルゲーネフ、クロポトキン、ルソー、フローベル、モウパッサン。――こうした人と思想の近代世界を、文字どおり引きずり廻されたのであった。

僕が後日ニューヨークで更に進んで勉強できたのは、全く先生の教化のおかげであった。先生の門下生の一人として過ごしたあの二年間が、僕の生涯における最良の年であったことを、僕はいつ／＼までも忘れることが出來ない。

カリブー地方のこと

勝野千秋

去る十一月一日、クイネル——プリンスジョージ間八十餘哩のピージーイー鐵道開通式が盛大に行われた。カリブー地方の開發は、これによって更に拍車がかけられるであろう。

カリブーは避暑地である。魚のいる湖畔には必ず貸ボートとキャビンの備えがあって、アメリカその他から來る客を待っている。千古の幽境、靜かな水面をかこむ原始林、魚は幾千歳の間繁殖成長して人人に釣りの妙味を與えている。人はまだ愚かにや、魚の好む食物を知らざるか、大物はなかなかに人を天狗にしてくれない。散在せる大小幾百の湖水には各種のトラウトが棲息しているが、時期により釣る方法を考慮せねばならない。釣りの時期は五月より十月までである。溪流は少い故主としてレーキのツローリングを樂しむのである。

カリブーは狩獵地である。毎年の期節には各地からその愛好者が參集する。ダック、ムース、デーアが目當だ。終日林中を歩き廻り、四五日も無爲にすごすものもあるが、幸運者は一日で獲物を射止めてツレーラーに積んで歸るのを見受ける。村に歸ったら凱旋將軍のように手柄話をするのであろう。カリブーに棲む動物にはこのほか兎、黒熊、リス、山犬、ミンク、グラウスがあり、渡り鳥のロビン、ツバメその他の小鳥が雪どけを待って訪れ、子を殘して秋葉落ちる頃南の國へ去る。

カリブーは乾燥地帶で一年を通して雨量はまことに少ない。雨具の用意は全く不要。乾いた空氣は人体の保健に最適である。五月頃の雪どけの水量をもって植物の成長を補うかに見える。七月には牧草は黄色になるが、水邊の草は霜の降るまで青さを保つ。濕氣が少いために自家用の野菜作りは容易でない。

カリブーは食用牛の產地である。飼育法はまことに簡單で、五月から雪の降る十一月ごろまでは自然林の中に放し飼いである。冬季中は一定地に集めて飼育する。乾草は主として湖畔の草を刈り集めて冬の飼料に當てる。牧畜業者にとって一番の勞働はヘイの收穫であろう。

土地は政府から無償で附與されるが、自分の土地の周邊にはサクをこしらえなければならない。このサクには樣々な形があるが、資豊富な木を使っている。今日の肉價を以てすれば牧畜も又有望なるカリブーの產業の一つである。

カリブーは將來性のある林業地でもある。樹木の繁茂密度は沿岸に劣るけれども、平地であることと、雨水のための被害がないので運般道路建設に多くの費用をかけないですむ。沿岸の山林・樹木が年年減少しつつある時、カリブーに於ける今後の企業・發展は約束されていると言える。

カリブーの氣温は冬期に於ては時に零下五十度に下ることがあるけれども、それは稀で、二三日で寒波は過ぎる。零下十度以下でも就働可能であるが、機械の損傷を恐れてそれ以下の時は作業を中止する。でも一ケ年の就働日數は沿岸地方と同じである。

私共が四年前此處にソーミルを始め村を建設した時は、家族共で二十名足らずであったが、今日では五十餘名を數えるに至った。日系學童は六名あり五名の白人學童と仲よく一人の教師のもとに學んでいる。

子供とピアノ

トロント 阿彌子

ストリートの樹木はすっかり落葉しつくしてめっきり冬らしくなった。きいーんと引きしまったこの寒さの中に梢の尖端に廣がる灰色の空を眺めていると何か侘しさを感ずる。

地球の外に月日は靜かにめぐり動いて、ああ！今年も餘すところ僅で、一九五二年の幕を閉ぢようとしている。

移動して以來、やっと生活に落ちつきを見出すようになった今、長い間約束をしておきながら果し得なかった子供の希い！ピアノを今年のクリスマスにはどうやら買ってやれそうである。高價なものは私たちには縁遠いものであるけれども、形ばかりのものにせよきっと子供は親の心を喜んでくれるであろう。

幼い頃私の近所に製糸工場主の子供に映ちゃんという友があった。その子の家には立派なピアノがあって、映ちゃんがお稽古するピアノの音が沁み入るように聞えて來て子供心にどんなに羨ましいと思ったことか。將來ピアニストになりたいと淡い夢を抱いていた頃のことである。幼い頃の希望や夢というようなものは七色の虹を瞬間にうつしてぱっと消えるシャボン玉にも似てはかなく、いつか、どこかへ消えて行ってしまったが。

夢に終った自分の希望を、子供に實現さしたいと思うのは共通した親心ではあるまいか。そしてまた、子供は環境を素直に吸呼するものであって、幼い頃の家庭のフンイ氣はそのまゝ子供の心に住みついて育って行き、やがては運命を左右するようにならないとも限らないであろう。幼少の時から音樂という柔らかいフンイ氣の中に育つ子供は、きっと生涯その氣分を忘れずいつも優しい方へ美しい方へと引張られて行くのではないかと思う。

どこからともなく流れて來る美しいメロデーにそっと耳を傾けて聞こうとしない心、一輪の花にもみとれないうるおいのない心は、一寸したことにも腹を立てすべての物に冷淡になりやすい心である。

どうか子供達が、人を倒してまで自分の地位をとったり、我利を主張するような我れ勝ちな性質にならない様に、人には弱く自分には強い子供になってくれたらと思うのである。やがてあどけないピアノの音が聞かれるのも間もないであろう。その日の子供の喜びを想像してニッコリした。

白菊の花

阿彌子

裏庭の白菊の花咲き始めば別れて久し母のしのばゆ

秋の日の夕づく山のたゝずまひ母の使ひにしみじみ戀ひし

虫の聲いつしかとだえ秋深し落葉の音のかそけく聞ゆ

鎌月の光り涼しき夜の窓に近く座りて聖書讀みつぎ

人よりも弱き性の我と憶ふは刺す如き胸の痛み覺ゆる朝

ひとり來て仰ぐ今宵のオリオンに何故か儚き人の世憶ふ

偶感の日々

晩市 馨草

過去未來わりなきものを初日の出

世の中が狹い失望爐火に寄る

積るだけ降るだけ雪に任す世か

寒燈下初老間はれてゐるかたち

旅かなし險しき山の雪雨

期せず待つ余白それなり大晦日

明け初むる吾家たしかに初雀

和を布ふ旅なら枯野道有ろふ

グランド・リバー

— 田 中 兼 —

エリー湖に流れ注ぐグランド河を溯る河ぎし近い地帯には工業地や生産場の人口稠密せる南オンタリオの重要なる都市が散在する。これ等の秩序ただしく繁榮する市場は數世紀前には全く渾沌とした土人の世にて、カユガス、オノンダガス、モハークス、セネカス、オーニダス、タスカロラスという種族の版圖であつて、これ等六族は千七百二十二年に合併して以來「シクス・ネーション」と呼ばれてきている。此地方は、十八世紀末期にエリー湖岸に流着した人々、ユーナイテッド・エムパイヤー・ローヤリストを首長ブラントの下に諾しいれた時より史蹟は明確に殘されてきたという。河の上流に此一族の領有地として今日もなは政府より認可されてある。

ブラントフォード市近くは昔年モハーク族の要塞地であつたというが今日はインデアンレザーヴである。此レザーヴにグランド河の流れをまにして樹立ち茂げるなだらになつた岡の上に英國風の建築である簡素な家が建つてある此家は、偉大なるシクス・ネーション酋長の其一人であるジョンソンと妻の英血統の由緒正しきアメリカ婦人が始めて居住した。又彼等を父母として知名の女流詩人ポーリンジョンソンも同家にて生れたのであると。ポーリンは母の周到なる意圖のもとに教育されたがやがて彼女は英國ロンドンを訪づれて、色彩はなやかなる土人の裝ひにて詩を吟咏した時の彼女に人々は魅惑させられたということである。後年に、西方カナダを遊歷してヴァンクーヴァー市にいたり、ポーリンは此地の風光をまたなく愛で遂に此地にて生を終つた。

スタンレーパークの外側、サイワシロックを近くに眺めるほとりの樹立ちのうちに、インデアン・ガールの面貌を彫つた小さい平面の碑があり菊花やファーンは其まわりに生い、碑に近くささやかな噴水は滾々としてたえず湧きいでゝゐる。

トロント曙句稿（山畑篠郎先生選）

紅葉の一葉をとりて帽子に挿す　新　蒲夫
娘の痩えて佇つ菊園のかがやける　池田　照波
赤き實を殘し散りゆくナヽカマド　篠田　寶湖
梨むくや峡里すでに月白く　尾本　波月
咲きそめし白菊花は縞深し　二階堂たかね
老農の畑やつれして蟄寐ざめ　八木美津郎
千秋取り入れるとき蟲鳴きそめり　橋本ふさえ
放浪兒となりし寒夜の街に入る　永見　明峰
秋晴れに手を翳したり牛動く　岡田きよみ
秋燈下一人が欠けて椅子黒し　千葉　小松
ギターも唄も止めばもとの蟲の聲　土居　土星
扉を押せば霧は夜盗のごとく入る　神田　陽山
會果つる燈下林檎の皮殘し　小田　蛙葉
秋の風湖へと棚のひしめける　西野海の子
露の夜ポケット深く鍵の束に　壽美　酔道
河蘆の枯れてより滊車速度を增し　梶岡　北斗

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

阿部勇 家族一同
85 Murray Street East, Hamilton, Ont. Phone 7-5324

伊達倶美
158 Mary Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 8-1342

船本渉 家族一同
75 Wood Street East, Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-0816

本田源一 家族一同
79 Ferrie Street West Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-0137

川本孝一 家族一同
132 Young Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-7956

河合時計店 河合家族一同
400½ James Street North, 360 Bay Street North Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-6946 Res. 3-9569

北川恒等 家族一同
4 Grove Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-5352

佐藤新一
121 Chestnut Avenue Hamilton, Ont.

宮垣與四郎
171½ Sherman Ave. North Hamilton, Ont. Phone 5-0591

樹田榮 家族一同
20 Craig Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 2-8459

木常虎織 同 清子 家族一同
1[illegible] Sanford Street North Hamilton, Ont. Phone 2-5725

篠野喜久三 同 智惠子 勝野アサ
189 Barton Street West Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-7075

中村周作 家族一同
375 Bay Street North Hamilton, Ont. Phone 8-3846

野見隆 同 千惠子
95 Longwood Road North Hamilton, Ont. Phone 8-1330

謹賀新年
ハミルトン共和倶樂部
ブリタニア街二八〇
電話 四四八五七

長瀬谷彦三郎 ゑん 學
18 East 37th Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 9-4826

大久保稀松 春枝
123 Gage Avenue North Hamilton, Ont.

佐藤惣右エ門 と志
31 Fennel Avenue East Hamilton, Ont.

關根義郎 家族一同 關根ナカ
263 McNab Street North Hamilton, Ont.

外海利右エ門 とみ
44 Melbourne Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-6614

豐崎繁松

菅谷安之助 家族一同
133 James Street North Hamilton, Ont. Phone 7-3022

渡邊忠正 家族一同
34 Craig Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-8472

山口照五郎 同 かね子 家族一同
12 Melbourne Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 3-9267

（喪中につき年始の禮を欠く）
三井眞 春美
490 York Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone 8-2738

謹賀新年

在カナダ日本國大使館

大使 井口貞夫
[illegible]垣[illegible]
出雲井正雄
島内直史
加川隆明
橋 正忠
木村芳夫
石井 亨

謹賀新年

在ヴァンクーヴァー

日本國領事館

領事 安田 壯
副領事 若下龍一
領事官補 武田 實

CONSULATE OF JAPAN
Rm. 1401 Standard Bank Bldg.
510 West Hastings Street
Vancouver 2, B.C. Canada
Phone TAtlow 5868 · TAtlow [illegible]

旅の教訓

モ市 浅江貞一

今年の七月上旬日中の暑さも幾分去つた夕刻から友人のカーでトロントに旅立つた。旅をすることは、その土地の風景に接することも目的の一つであるが、その土地に生活している友人達に會い昔を語りあうことも楽しみである。あの移動當時の混亂期であつたと思う。主人と長男はキャンプに送られ、母と少年で荷造りのことで非常に心配していた一家があつた。私はその荷造りの手傳をしてあげた。その夫妻とトロントで偶然に會つたのであるが、まるで我が子が歸宅したのを迎えるようなもてなしを受けた。移動後この二人は困難な仕事を續けられたときくが、お二人の品性には少しも其の跡がなく昔ながらの清い心で居られる。人の性格にも色々ある。その人の話をきいて愉快な氣分にもなり不愉快な氣分にもなる。人々の人格、品性から受ける感じである。或る人は人格向上のあとが見え他の人は昔と同じ程度であることがある。肉体的に時間的に歳を重ねるのみで精神的に進歩せぬ人がある。反省と修養を怠らない者は常に氣分が若い。外面的にも若々しい。旅で會つた多くの人々から受けた教訓は一つこれであつた。

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併て各地同胞の健在を祈る

謹賀新年

- 小林菊造・淑子 LESBIE 21 Market Street Port Dover, Ont.
- 小林三郎・文隆・三千代 P.O. Port Dover, Ont.
- 日夏與三郎・直子 Brant Hill, Port Dover, Ont.
- 内堀繁市・美津江 Lakeshore Highway East R.R. #1, Oakville, Ont. Phone 20
- 立石忠雄・中枝加奈雄 R.R. #1, Lower Middle Road Oakville, Ont.
- 杉山保太郎 家族一同 249 Victoria Avenue Chatham, Ont.
- 氏原幹夫・澄子・紀子 Sheridan Nurseries Sheridan, Ont. Phone Clarkson 28-W
- 中川義治 家族一同 120 Delhi Street Guelph, Ont.
- 梶浦萬治 家族一同 R.R. #5, St. Catharines, Ont.
- 上林定治郎・千代 家族一同 General Delivery Beamsville, Ont.
- 藤井彌十・照代 家族一同 R.R. #1, Chatham, Ont. Phone 1046-W
- 堀口儀三郎・美津江・デビー 522 McPherson Street Fort William, Ont. Phone 20594
- 高田義孝・ルツ R.R. #2, Burlington, Ont.
- 町田敏夫・梅乃 家族一同 Pineland Timber Co. Ltd., Tioga, Ont.
- 浅江貞一・同 静枝・和子 344 Osborne Avenue Verdun, P.Q.
- 林藤兵衛・同 タミ・同 儀一郎・同 藤枝 8200 Chambord Street Montreal, P.Q.
- 速見學登・幾美子・登美子 334 Villeray Street Montreal 10, P.Q. Phone Victoria 1886
- 小宮山高查 1135 Amherst Square Montreal, P.Q. Phone FA. 1594
- 桑原きな 2417 Marielle Avenue N.D.G. Montreal, P.Q. Phone WA. 3811
- 逢見惣吉 家族一同 2679 St. Zotique St. East Montreal, P.Q. Phone TA. 1249
- 家入文藏・同 文哉 8105 Decarie Blvd. Montreal, P.Q.
- 小早川定吉・同 久枝 家族一同 3477 DeBullion Street Montreal, P.Q.
- 宮本傳太郎・同 よ[illegible] 10660 Lausanne Montreal North, P.Q.
- 西村太郎 10660 Lausanne Montreal North, P.Q.
- 溝淵丑吉 家族一同 3823 DeBullion Street Montreal, P.Q.
- 中島勝治・勝義・ヤス 10230 Hamelin Avenue Montreal, P.Q.
- 中島績三・ツタヨ・公明 7495 Papineau Avenue Montreal, P.Q.
- 西澤乙次郎・まつ・バブ・次郎 6557-29th Ave. Montreal, P.Q.
- 小野清・同 多美枝 3776 Clark Street Montreal, P.Q. Phone BE. 8080
- 齋藤幸三郎 Apt. #2, 4981 Barclay Avenue Montreal 26, P.Q. Phone EX. 4099
- 角知榮・通枝 家族一同 Chatham Street Montreal 3, P.Q. Phone CL. 3651
- 鈴木精藏・[illegible]等 7444 Chambord Street Montreal, P.Q. Phone DO. 5952
- 角川政夫・春枝 家族一同 3925 Drolet Street Montreal, P.Q. Phone MA. 2843
- 渡邊高藏 家族一同 3237 Evelyn Street Montreal, P.Q.
- 渡邊宇平・きを・艶子・宇二郎・城治 3520 Côte St. Catherine Road Montreal, P.Q.
- 若林信美・同 隆子・千代美 1200 Bernard, Apt. 7 Montreal, P.Q. Phone CA. 1625
- 和岡清次郎・同 静枝 3067 Verdun Avenue Montreal, P.Q. Phone TR. 4263

祝クリスマス謹賀新年

一月一日

モントリオル日本人合同教會
牧師 小宮山孝
モントリオル日本人合同教會婦人會
1135 Amherst Square Montreal, P.Q.

NISEI GIRLS – WHAT ARE THEY?

By RICHARD ARIMA

what is the nisei girl made of? sugar and spice and everything nice? is she drab or desirable?

Ego. Say fellows, you know the girl we took home the other night?

Id. You mean that fluff we saw at the rat-race down at the UNF? Yes, I wouldn't mind chasing that babe!

Ego: That's what I was thinking. Maybe it'll be nice to get to know her a little better, don't you think?

Super-Ego: I don't know. She was a very attractive girl and I suppose—shall I say—a "decent" sort of girl acording to Id's standards. But let's not get carried away by dipping eye-lashes and a few tantalizing curves, shall we?

Id: There ya go again. You'd think that all the dolls were made of barbed wire and poison ivy juice the way you talk! There ain't no fun in life if ya don't stick your neck out once in a while. And anyway, she was real nice to dance with. An' can she ever smooch!

Ego: Yes, she was very nice that way.

Super-Ego: But that isn't all that matters in life. What does one care if a girl could dance like a feather or kiss like a dream? Do you really think that you could go dancing through the rest of your unhealthy life? Or maybe you think you could live on kisses: kisses for breakfast, lunch, supper, and even kisses for midnight snack? Ho-hum.

Id: O.K. So ya wanna be a drip all your unnatural life, huh? Well, why don'tcha tell us what kind of skirts ta chase.

Super-Ego: There's no need to chase girls. In fact listening to you, one would come to the conclusion that all life meant was a great big mauve-coloured blob of erotic ecstasy or the pursuit thereof. There are other things such as education, broadening the horizon . . . . but what's the use, you aren't even listening.

Ego: I am, but sometimes I wonder whether all that is worth the trouble. I think that perhaps Id's got *something* too, when he says wine, women, and song. But what about this kid, Supe. What's griping you?

Super-Ego: It's not that I dislike her for anything. But remember what mother told us? The girls are out to get us. And any flirt like that girl can't do us any good anyway.

Id: Who says she's a flirt. Just cuz she's young an' healthy. Scared of a liberal-minded gal? You're just an ol' fuddy-duddy, ain'tcha? Why don'tcha admit it?

Ego: Personally, I thought she was quite nice. In fact, from what I could gather, she seems to be a very desirable girl. You can't ask for a better Nisei kid, I guess. Why, just see how hard-working she is. And . . .

Id: Who cares if she works like a slave at a typewriter all day or scurries around a hospital. What I like about her is that she's such a humdinger of a looker.

Super-Ego: (L o o k s aren't everything. Why, all that glitters is n . . . .)

Ego: Yes, she's good-looking, jet black hair, beautiful almond eyes and all that, but what impressed me was that she was so neat and well-groomed.

Super-Ego: But can she cook, do housework? She won't be much good around the house if she can't . . .

Id: The same ol' story (mimicking). Can she cook! You make me sick!

Ego: Look, fellows. Will you let me say something? She seems like a good kid. As a matter of fact, most of the Nisei girls are pretty descent. Why they are energetic, industrious, well-behaved, and . . .

Id: Yeah! Well-behaved! Some of them are frigid!

Ego: (ignoring the remark): and intelligent too.

Super-Ego: I hope you will qualify that statement, Ego, because there are some wicked ones among them too. Why, they aren't even interested in books. Well, I guess they do read some . . . . but they usually read some such trash like Mickey Spilane or James Jones or . . .

Id: What's wrong with Mickey Spillane? It's good stuff and skin novels are a helluva lotta fun to read.

Super-Ego: Yes, but that isn't good for us. All these trashy books and bad movies will degrade us. That's what Reverend Stuffbottom told us the other day, remember. And that's all that these girls are interested in, that kind of "literature". Furthermore, they evaluate a man by the kind of car he drives. They say, "Oh, my boyfriend's a much better man than yours. He has a Buick! Really, if I were you, I simply wouldn't be seen with a guy that could only afford a Chev." That is just like prostitution. If a guy's got the price of a car, he has the privilege of taking her royal highness out . . . probably to a Western movie anyway.

Id: Quit shooting your mouth off, will ya? Why don'tcha smarten up and do some fast-talking so you c'n get a Caddy or a Linc instead of dribbling aroun' crying that these dames are sinful 'cuz they go for a car, a mink, or an ice.

Ego: I think both of you are wrong. Certainly it's nice to have a car and I don't blame girls for noticing the convenience of a car, but this girl isn't like that. Why she's understanding enough to know that a car, a mink or a diamon isn't everything. On the other hand she isn't stuffy either.

Super-Ego: Oh, I don't know, I still say that she's just like the rest of the Nisei girls. When she looks charming, perched there demurely, as if in silent contemplation of something noble and good like one of the sonnets of a Portuguese, in reality, she's probably thinking of something devilish like a way to get rid of an intelligent boy who is infatuated by her "poise". Especially since she isn't intelligent enough nor capable of appreciating good taste, thinking a person dull because he doesn't like to act a fool gossipping and wasting his time.

Id: Tough bananas! I just about had enough of your belly-aching. If you wanna cry, don't tell me your troubles! "Good and noble", ugh! You gotta play the game cagey-like. If ya wanna get in good with a gal, shoot her a line 'steada snivelling about what is good or bad. You'll never get to first base if ya keep on nattering about a virtuous virgin an' that it's bad to use perfume and nail-polish and all that. That'd go over like a lead balloon! Gad! If that gal thought like you do, oh, brother! (groans for good measure).

Ego: Well, guys, we've got to compromise on every issue that we come across don't we? So this kid may be like the "rest of the Nisei girls" as you put it, Supe, but that doesn't mean that she has to be wanton, uneducated, gold-digging, lascivious female. On the other hand, Id, maybe you go too far in assessing her as a happy-go-lucky, good-time gal with very little moral consciousness.

Id: O.K., could be you're right, but I hope she ain't gonna turn out to be dried out and "nice" like a lotta Nisei girls.

Super-Ego: You're completely off the beam. I would be most disappointed if this young lady is like the rest of the Nisei girls; namely the flighty, shallow-thinking, chrome-trimmed, sex machine. Why I'd . . . .

Id: Shaddup! That's all ya know about dames cuz you've got one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel; that's all.

Ego: Certainly Nisei girls could improve in a lot of ways. But as I said before, in general they're pleasant enough. Wonder what that girl we took home the other night is really like? Maybe it'll be nice to get acquainted with her a little more, huh?

Author: O.K. Let's break it up, guys. Get some sleep.

contemplation

By JE SUI

evening magic presents itself
in the darkening hush of dusk
with the star drooping ominously
to the west

evening breeze sifts itself
through the billowing curtained window
with rustling of the shrouds
in its wake

and seated there in undulating comfort
in motionless fluidity
wafted on a tobacco haze
i am in an aura of nebulous void

sinously
i am languid
with the smoke in my lungs
i am sensate
with the taste in my mouth

inhalated exhalation
cigaretted contemplation
ashes are the consumation of cigarettes
and void the summation of thoughts

now the evening has solidified
into monostatic incoherence
with particles of fireflies
pinpointed in the skies

la patrie

By R. K.

(A Nisei's thoughts in '42)

Beautiful morning, unchanging morning,
So I had thought;
But on that morning, there came great changes
Blood were the rays from the Rising Sun.

Righteous people, unhating people,
So we had thought;
But from these people, there sprang a hatred,
And we were not considered as one.

Uncaring aliens, traitorous aliens,
So they had thought;
But midst these "aliens", many were natives,
And bravely fought to see justice done.

New friends, new homes, new lives,
On mountain, on prairie and lakeshore;
Here, etched in father's face the rigors,
Here, greyed in mother's hair the hardships.

Sing ye:
O Canada
The Maple Leaf Forever (a Judas tree?)
I'll sing a song of sixpence instead.

EPIGRAMS FOR TODAY

By RAY STEVENS

some thoughts and comments of a philosophical nature

I look upon human nature as something which has been in a state of perfectibility since its appearance in the world, and that though man falters he nevertheless forges forth paths which will eventually put them on a par with the gods.

* * *

Inasmuch as a man's fortitude equates his circumstances he does not beg for God.

* * *

Never promise more than you can perform.

* * *

L'envie est une faiblesse qui fait que nous desirons une chose pour laquelle nous ne sommes pas encore prets a se sacrifier.

* * *

Is there any possible way of salvation for a generation which has flung itself headlong into an hostile world filled to the brim with materialism, or the loss of true perspective in ultimate values; can we discover some method? Does there exist a guidance, a basis from which a true integrity can be worked out? This generation seems to have disregarded; seems to have thrown overboard without discrimination, without weighing, with a lack of adequate consideration, most of the social values which in yesteryears gave character, true and strong roots to spring from, and will that climbed the heights of ennobling individuality. Clearly then, we need retrace our steps, and rediscover those values which we too readily disregarded.

* * *

I can't please everybody, I don't have the power for such an undertaking.

* * *

If God is the author of this universe, he has no need for my praises.

* * *

We all know a better way of life, but we are such cowards.

* * *

Do you know what a feeling is, exactly, when it is to be found half way between sweet expectations and sad recollections? . . . and to return to this integral land where one feels rounded up once more, getting over, as if all at once it came, the sad thought that, for all the time he was away, he was but half himself . . . words could tell if only they could convey . . . to love the soul you should have had but never dared . . . this one fact I know: that that which we truly own cannot be given: it stays with us still after we have consented to share it, and it can be taken only by those who would magnify it. It is always in vain that we take our opinions from others.

* * *

It is not the man who has too little, but the man who craves more that is poor.

* * *

Our Father who art in Nature, hallowed be thy laws. Thy wisdom be imparted to us. Thy will be known as it is enacted in the Universe. Give us this day the understanding of life and forgive us our theological trespasses as we should forgive those who wrongly or maliciously assess us. And deliver us from the evils of ignorance for we know that all things are in Thee where our minds too should be. World without end. Amen.

* * *

God is real to me only when I need Him.

* * *

There is too much pain and misery in this world for us to allow a perfect answer to the main questions of life.

* * *

For the love of you, I lost myself; but now that I have found you, I am lost no more: Now let me live with God, with Love, and with you.

* * *

I will love anyone who will strip me of my feathers, I mean through clearness of judgment; but I am not convinced at all when I perceive that your arguments amount to nothing more than an ardent and not altogether justified wish to dislodge my prejudices by trying to establish your own.

* * *

It can never be stated enough that when man is at one with the universe he does not beg from God.

* * *

To the man who yells to heaven for bread God answers him to till his land.

* * *

Je demande a Dieu de me donner comprehension et misericorde.

* * *

The answer to every prayer "Go home to thyself".

* * *

Prayer reaches no farther than the four walls of an inadequate mind.

The writer, who served during World War II with the famous Black Watch infantry battalion, was wounded and became a prisoner of war. Well-versed in French as in English, he is a friend of Niseis and student of philosophy, attending Carleton College, Ottawa.

PRIDE OF ST. JEROME

(cont'd from P. 1)

limping around with a crutch for the better part of the season, Kaz believed he was through. But the town of St. Jerome, which had kept him in the running for the "Most Valuable Player" Award presented each year by the League, didn't think so. The fans rallied and collected $200.00 while the club looked after Kaz's hospital and incidental expenses. But the proudest moment for Kaz was the moment when the "Lions" manager told him he was using him as his starting centre-fielder in the playoffs, disregarding the fact that Kaz had missed the last six weeks of the league games.

And so the popular Nisei ball player "limped" on his bad knee, along with a team which boasted boys like pitcher Bob Weisler, who will be returning to Kansas City in the American Association Farm Team of the New York Yankees probably next season and third baseman Ralph Lapointe, ex-National Leaguer, who several years ago played for the Toronto Maple Leafs in the International League, to bring the coveted trophy home.

For the St. Jerome Lions it was a grand ending to a good season. For Kaz Suga, "The Pride of the St. Jerome Lions", it meant that he would not be "hanging up his gloves" for quite some time. Whenever his part in the finals is brought up, Kaz's reaction is a slow, embarrassed grin and a drawl, "Ah heck! . . . it was nuthin!"